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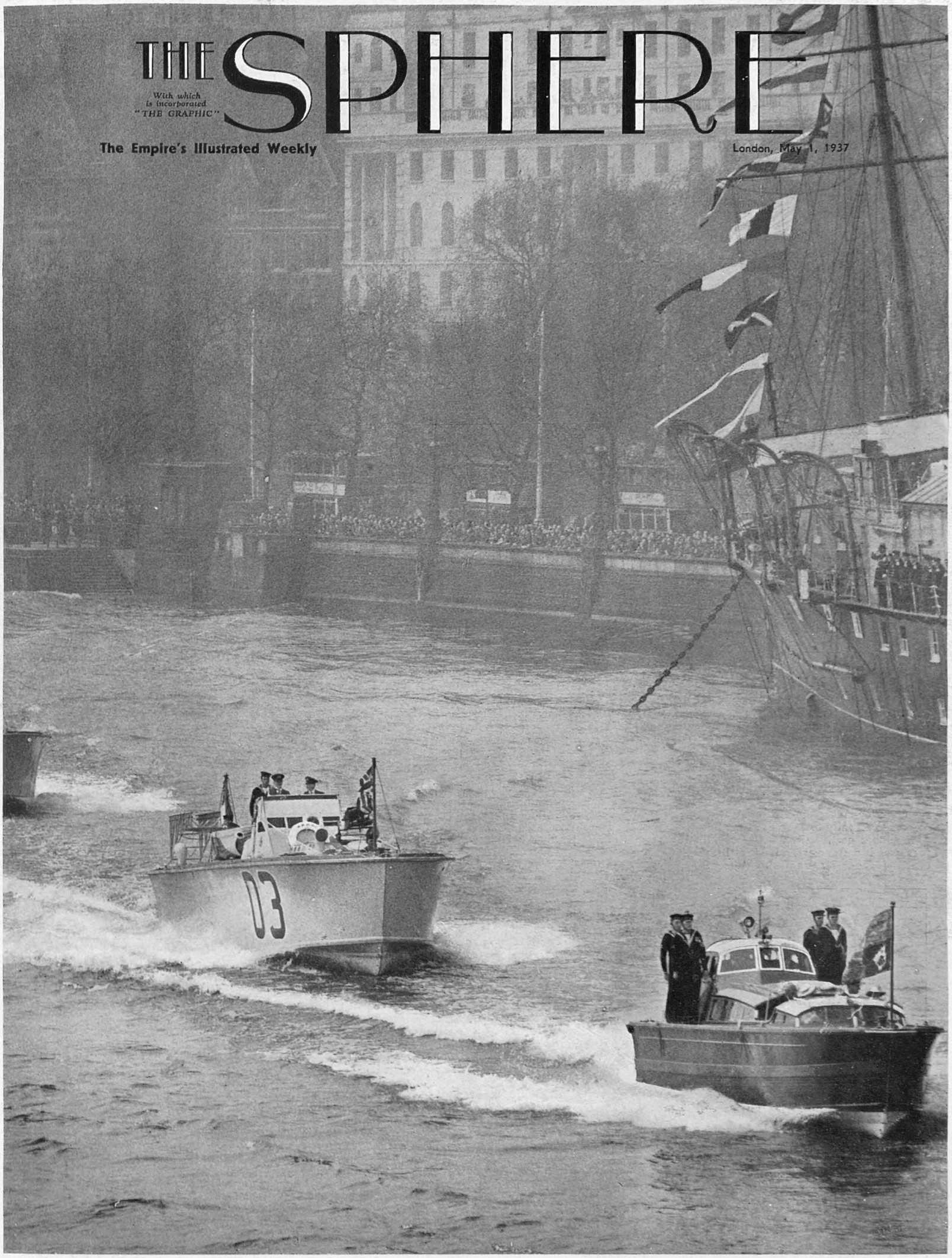

By Royal Barge to Greenwich

The King and Queen Go Down the Thames on their Way to Open the New National Maritime Museum: Their Majesties' Barge Passing H.M.S. "President" Followed by a Motor Torpedo Boat

The historic custom of a Sovereign travelling in State by water from Westminster to Greenwich was revived last Tuesday when the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, boarded the Royal Barge—a power boat similar to that used by naval Commanders-in-Chief—and made their way down the Thames from Westminster pier followed by a flotilla of the new motor torpedo boats and watched from the banks by a vast concourse of cheering people. It was a thrilling spectacle for there was hardly a vessel on the tideway that had not "dressed ship" for the occasion; pleasure steamers moored by the Embankment for the Coronation, H.M.S. *President*, the R.N.V.R. training ship at Blackfriars, freighters unloading their cargoes at the wharves in the Pool, and humble barges lying on the mud—all were showing strings of flags and, as the cavalcade passed on its way, sirens sounded and bells rang, their clamour of tribute merging with the acclamations of the crowd. At Greenwich, birthplace of Henry VIII, founder of the Royal Navy, and of Elizabeth, Sovereign of the golden age of seafaring, the Royal party disembarked and proceeded to the new National Maritime Museum in the Queen's House—Britain's first publicly owned marine collection—where the King in conducting the inaugural ceremony, made a short speech in which he referred in glowing terms to "the enterprise, the courage, and the character of our seamen". (See also page 184 of this issue.)

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RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE SCOUTS: The King and Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, and Lord Baden-Powell (left), the Chief Scout, watching the parade of Boy Scouts in the Great Quadrangle of Windsor Castle before the National Scout service, held in St. George's Chapel last Sunday, and attended by about 1,000 boys, drawn from nearly every county in Great Britain. A contingent from Southern Rhodesia was also present

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, April 28, 1937.

CORONATION NEWS. Right or wrong, my intention is to keep away from Coronation items for one full week before the great day. I may be wrong—human beings (even journalists) are as often wrong as right. I don't disguise my personal opinion that people in England nowadays too often "kill the thing they love" by running it to death. We positively bore ourselves by over-indulgence before our feast days, and come sated to the meal. I loathe the flood of books on Royalty (partly perhaps because they are sure money-makers); I believe it does no service to Royalty to keep it in the hard light of the limes perpetually and to worship it as fans worship film stars. I detest biographies of Royal babies and of the dogs of Royal babies. Royalty is judged by its conduct, and our own Royal Family has no need (and I think little desire) to be boosted up by propaganda. That was no doubt necessary policy in mid-Victorian days. To-day it is fully justified by its works, not by words. And so with Coronation items. I am frankly bored by the everlasting reporting of rehearsals and other items. The keen edge of our enthusiasm will be taken from us before May 12, if we do not call a halt to this tiresome spate. There are two great Coronation numbers of The Sphere ahead which will be full and worthy records of the great event. Meanwhile it is not likely that we shall forget about the Coronation. The present state of London will not fail to remind us that big events are pending in the London area in mid-May. Until then let us retain a sense of proportion, and keep a little appetite for the good things promised on May 12; and for decency's sake let us (even if our pockets shall suffer) give our hard-worked Royalties a little peace and a place in the shade before their serious troubles begin. Let us talk of cabbages and leave the Kings alone for a few days.

MAKING THE QUEEN'S CROWN: Mr. Charles Stone, of Messrs. Garrard's, the Court jewellers, assembling the various parts of the circlet first made for Queen Victoria and modified for each succeeding Coronation. The Crown will have the usual four crosses—patée and four fleurs-de-lys, the Koh-i-noor being set right in the centre of the front cross—patée, but this time there will be four complete arches instead of the eight half-arches which were included in the crown of Queen Mary

OUR LITTLE BILLS.— Before Mr. Chamberlain's sixth Budget becomes law, he will be our "hard worked Premier" and his last hammer blows in the battle will be struck with his Field-Marshal's baton. Piquancy is added to the Budget 1937 by the fact that "an unknown man," as new Chancellor, will help him to pilot the measure through. The patient ass, the taxpayer, is not after all to take the last straw on his back. For the last few weeks optimism grew, as the returns of the last quarter came in and the harvest on last year's additional 3d. on Income Tax began to show most satisfactory results of its union with better trade. Just before Mr. Chamberlain released his secrets (well kept this year), we even began to hope that another 3d. might be avoided. The worst is now known and it might be a deal worse, considering that the Exchequer has to find £854,000,000. (I remember "only the other day" hearing that £730,000,000 was unquestionably an all-time record). Briefly, the patient ass must hunch his back for the following additions: 3d. on Income Tax making 5s. in the £; and so much less by way of dividend distribution by the companies whose shares he holds, as will cover commitments on a new graduated tax on increased profits. This Defence Contribution tax is imposed on the growth of profits in excess of £2,000 a year in trade, business and industry and ranges from 20 per cent. to 33⅓ per cent. above a 6 per cent. increase. Its yield (and effects) in the current year will be negligible. But it is potent of rich harvests to come. It came as a complete surprise to the House and the City. But while the House took the announcement calmly, the City did not. It squealed and stocks slumped. The tax is directly imposed on business and industry and is said to equal 6d. on income tax. But the private individual must clearly bear it indirectly in reduction of dividends, if not in higher retail costs. The City's squeal gave the cue to M.P.s and Mr. Chamberlain was convinced of the necessity for further explanation and a dose of soothing syrup. While adhering to his new tax in principle, he promised to remove from it clearly proved injustices and he pleaded with M.P.s to keep their minds meanwhile as open as was his. The Budget speech was a very terse, clear announcement of a very simple if ingenious plan to meet abnormal expenditure.

THE OPPOSITION'S VIEWS.— Once again the speeches of the two Opposition leaders in criticism of the Budget proposals (both in the House and by radio) were more interesting for their manner of delivery than for the matter they contained. Mr. Attlee speaks well and clearly in a plain, blunt way, entirely devoid of flowers or mannerisms. Sir Archibald Sinclair has been training himself with infinite pains on the best models of attractive oratory and every year one has noticed further advances until this year one wondered whether the blossoms had not reached overcrowding point and there was not need of pruning, and a return to more natural growth. He is very reminiscent of Mr. Churchill in his voice control. It is the art of the actor which he brings to oratory, but he perhaps carries his dramatic pauses, his whispers, his modulations, his insidious generosity towards his opponent's policy (only to demolish it completely in the next sentence) a little too far. He is very finished and interesting to hear—but perhaps a little too finished (so as to be almost finicky) and the final and perfect stage will no doubt come next year with a shedding of some of his flowers. As for the matter of all Opposition criticism, it is another thing. The critics are all very well when they stick to criticism of the new taxes, as taxes. There are plenty of sound points to be made about the means of raising the millions, about individual hard cases and how to meet them, and indeed about the soundness of the proposals financially and industrially. But when the critics take the political field on the question, it is curious (and curious that they do not realise) how instantly they lose the sympathy of their hearers. The public may not be highly educated but it still possesses a sense of justice and of humour, and it simply will not stand hearing Socialists or Liberals condemning the National Government for the present need for rearming, or for the present position in Europe. For it is perfectly satisfied that since the war neither Socialist nor Liberal governments could do or have done better than has National Government under circumstances beyond the powers of supermen to control or direct.

DRAKE'S PLAQUE.—I am shy of romantic discoveries in the Press. If the *Oakland Tribune* correctly reports, and Californian professors rightly interpret, the importance of a recent discovery, then indeed a remarkable find has been made. A man called Beyrle Shinn, a clerk in an Oakland store, while idly chucking stones last June on a bluff near St. Raphael in San Francisco Bay, picked up an iron plaque. He kept it and later saw on it traces of lettering. He took it to an expert who in time discovered the following inscription on it :—

"BEE IT KNOWNE VNTO ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS
IVNE 15, 1579
BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND IN THE NAME OF HERR MAIESTY QVEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND AND HERR SVCCESSORS FOREVER I TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS KINGDOME WHOSE KING AND PEOPLE FREELY RESIGNE THEIR RIGHT AND TITLE IN THE WHOLE LAND VNTO HERR MAIESTIES KEEPEING NOW NAMED BY ME AN TO BEE KNOWNE VNTO ALL MEN AS NOVA ALBION
FRANCIS DRAKE"

The local experts are perfectly satisfied that the plaque is none other than that set up by Francis Drake when in his famous voyage he came into a bay near San Francisco on June 17, 1579, to careen the *Golden Hind*. It has always been assumed (from the account of Drake's chaplain and from tradition) that Drake did not discover San Francisco Bay but a bay, now called Drake's Bay, 40 miles to the north-west at Point Reyes. It is known that he set up a plaque on a post and took over the territory in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Corbett states that, having run north to Vancouver, Drake turned south again "and put into a natural harbour near San Francisco." Before leaving again on July 25 Drake set up his plaque on a post and stuck in it a new Queen Elizabeth sixpence (which the simple natives worshipped as an image of the goddess). If the plaque is genuine, the mere discovery of it after 357 years is thrilling enough. The implication is more thrilling still. It is that the plaque was found where it was originally set up—at the place where it dropped from its post, that is, 40 miles from the traditional site and right inside San Francisco Harbour, whose discovery is thus antedated by 190 years. It is said that the place of discovery more exactly matches the description of the place in Fletcher's narrative than does the site at Reyes Point. In the plaque the receptacle for a Tudor sixpence was found, and a Tudor sixpence was obtained and fitted exactly into it! Well, we may take it or leave it. It sounds too thrilling to be true. It alters history—especially 'Frisco history ; and Froude's *English Seamen* must be revised in an important detail—perhaps.

TOWER HILL IMPROVEMENT.—My old friend, Mr. W. S. Barclay, who has fought many fights for the preservation of old London, reminds me that the work of the Tower Hill Improvement Scheme deserves constant public support and notice. Queen Mary recently gave a lead in this duty of citizenship when she visited the site. Let no Coronation visitor fail to do the same and, if he would be prepared for the antiquarian interests which he will see, let him secure from the Secretary, Tower Hill Improvement, at 20, Trinity Square, E.C.3, a copy of an entrancing brochure, *London Wall*, which tells of the fortunes of Roman London through eighteen centuries. Good reading and full of little-known romantic facts. (Did you know, for example, that for the greater safety of the City the War Minister each quarter sends to the Lord Mayor a set of passwords to the "City Gates"—one for each day of those three months, countersigned by the King himself?). What is this Grand Council trying to do? It is trying to create on Tower Hill a lung for the teeming City, to be preserved in perpetuity, from which unsightly commercial buildings shall be removed, and a belt of green and open gardens facing the Tower, from which visitors and residents will be able to view the best remnant of the Roman wall, free from obstruction, and still standing 25 ft. high on the foundations laid in A.D. 72. A worthy setting for the greatest monument in Britain, a place of recreation for children and workers. A noble effort which should appeal to our pockets as it appeals to our national and civic pride.

LEST WE FORGET: The scene aboard the *Royal Daffodil* in Chatham Harbour last Sunday as the Rev. G. P. O. Hill conducted the annual service in commemoration of the historic attack on Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1918. The *Royal Daffodil*, which now does duty as a pleasure steamer, played a conspicuous part in the assault, accompanying the old cruiser *Vindictive* as she ran in towards the Mole

7s. PER SQUARE FOOT.—Daniel Maclise, R.A., had his day of fame. He it was who decorated the walls of the Houses of Parliament with historic scenes, and he covered acres of canvas with scenes from history and classic fiction, and was tolerably well paid for his trouble in the days when men lived in large houses and deemed that wall-space must be concealed like disgraceful vices. Once he commanded £4,000 for a big picture. But recently one of his most famous genre pictures fetched "seven shillings per sq. ft." Nor would it have fetched so much but for the lucky chance that the purchaser wished to block up a staircase window and Maclise's "Ordeal by Touch" was the cheapest material available. How are the mighty fallen, how swiftly do canons of taste alter and how surely do social conditions dictate the fashion in art as well as domestic economy and architecture. Where does Walter Crane, once so much admired, stand to-day? He, too, I fear, would only be valued for his "window blocking" abilities. I suppose aspirants for R.A. honours know their own business best. Last year their sales were quite good. But the number of public halls is limited and limits the number of full-dress and full-length presentation portraits. I am always astonished at the size of modern Academy pictures. It is the flat-age and artists should be flat-catchers in an exact sense. It is the age of the kit-cat in portraiture. It should be the renaissance of the miniature painter and I wish it were. Even when the human race lives in aeroplanes, room could be found for miniatures which are pretty, cheerful things. There are some fair examples of this art in the Exhibition of R.I. of Water Colour Painters at 195, Piccadilly—a show which is a peculiar triumph for Mr. Lancaster.

DOWN WITH THE BARRICADES.—Twelve years ago I wrote an article for a London Daily with the above heading suggesting the desirability of getting rid of the dingy railings surrounding London residential square gardens. I wrote very much what Sir Thomas Inskip said the other day, with certain pleasant fancies all my own. Twelve years ago I was assailed with a very considerable bombardment of criticism from vested and other interests. I was an iconoclast, a communist, and worse (if possible). Twelve years are twelve years. Sir Thomas was let off much more lightly. Perhaps because he is a trained Master of Defence. But more probably because the essential rightness of the reform is gaining support. Even twelve years ago commerce was invading the squares ; to-day on an average commerce goes fifty-fifty with vested private interests. Railings and shrubberies gone (and both must go), London would be transformed, time saved, lives also ; and the benefit in amenity in summer would be astounding. London in June would wear again some of the charm of Old Whitehall in the Caroline age. One would see vistas through green frames. As for the babies of privilege, they could still play in the squares, perhaps have exclusive use of the lawns on ticket of leave ; and the elder children could still have the tennis courts reserved for them. What more do they now enjoy?

RAINFALL.—My rain gauge has been working overtime this winter. This is what it shows me.

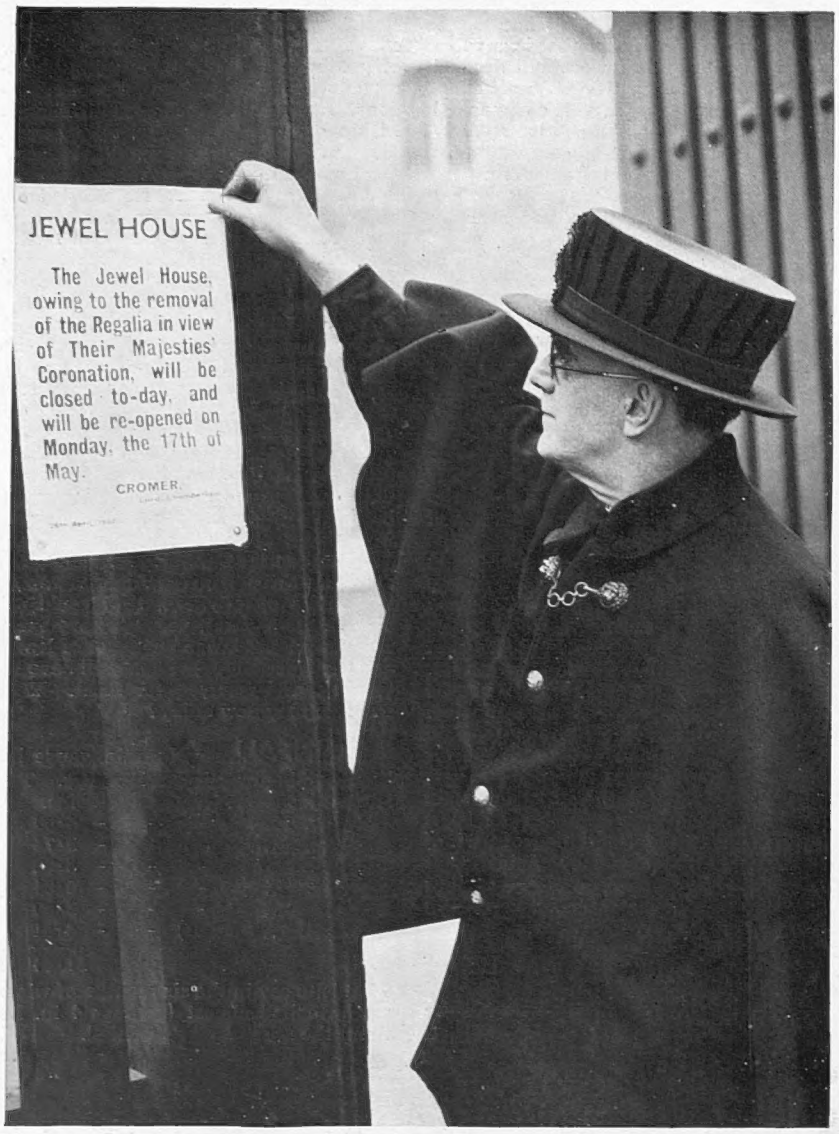
	ins.
Nov. 1936	4·89
Dec. ,,	3·78
Jan. 1937	8·02
Feb. ,,	6·04
March ,,	3·80
April ,, (to date)	4·51
	31·04

That is to say in the six months of winter we have had almost (perhaps 4 in. less than) the normal year's rainfall.

THE OLD STAGER

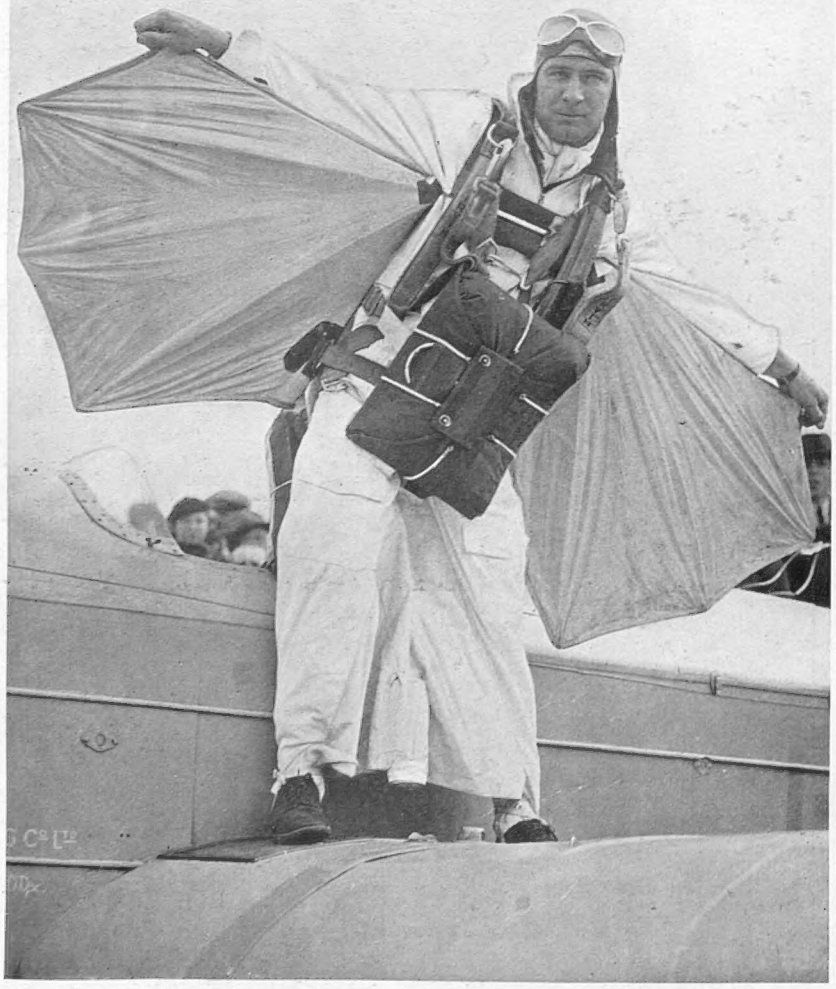
THE UNIFORM NELSON WORE AT TRAFALGAR: One of many precious relics in the new National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, which was opened by the King and Queen this week after journeying down the Thames in the Royal Barge. The hole in the left shoulder and the torn epaulette were made by the fatal musket ball which laid the Admiral low in the hour of victory. It was the four orders he wore on his breast that made him such a conspicuous mark for the enemy. (Other exhibits at the museum were illustrated in "The Sphere" of April 17)

SEVEN DAYS



THE CLOSING OF THE JEWEL HOUSE: A Yeoman warder pinning up the Lord Chamberlain's notice on the Wakefield Tower in the Tower of London, announcing that owing to the removal of the Regalia the place will be closed until May 17. The jewels, which were taken away on Monday under a strong police escort, are now at the premises of Messrs Garrard, the jewellers, where they are being furbished.

THE GREAT CORONATION INVASION BEGINS: The animated scene at Paddington Station when the *Queen Mary* boat train arrived with the advance guard of American visitors. The liner had on board 1,801 passengers—a record muster for one ship on the Atlantic service this year—and among them was Mr. James W. Gerard, United States special envoy to the Coronation. He was formerly U.S. Ambassador in Berlin.



THE PASSING OF THE MODERN ICARUS: Mr. Clem Sohn, the American, known as the "bird man" by reason of his displays of gliding with the assistance only of "wings" made of fabric attached to his arms and legs, fell to his death, from a height of 10,000 ft. when giving a display at Vincennes, France, last Sunday in the presence of 150,000 people, his parachute failing to open as he was entering upon the last stage of his descent. Sohn's flights were based on the same principles as a glider.

THE NEPALESE CORONATION MISSION, headed by General Sir Kaiser Shumdere Jung Bahadur Rana (right), seen on arrival in London last Monday, its members wearing garlands. The Mission, which will present King George with the insignia

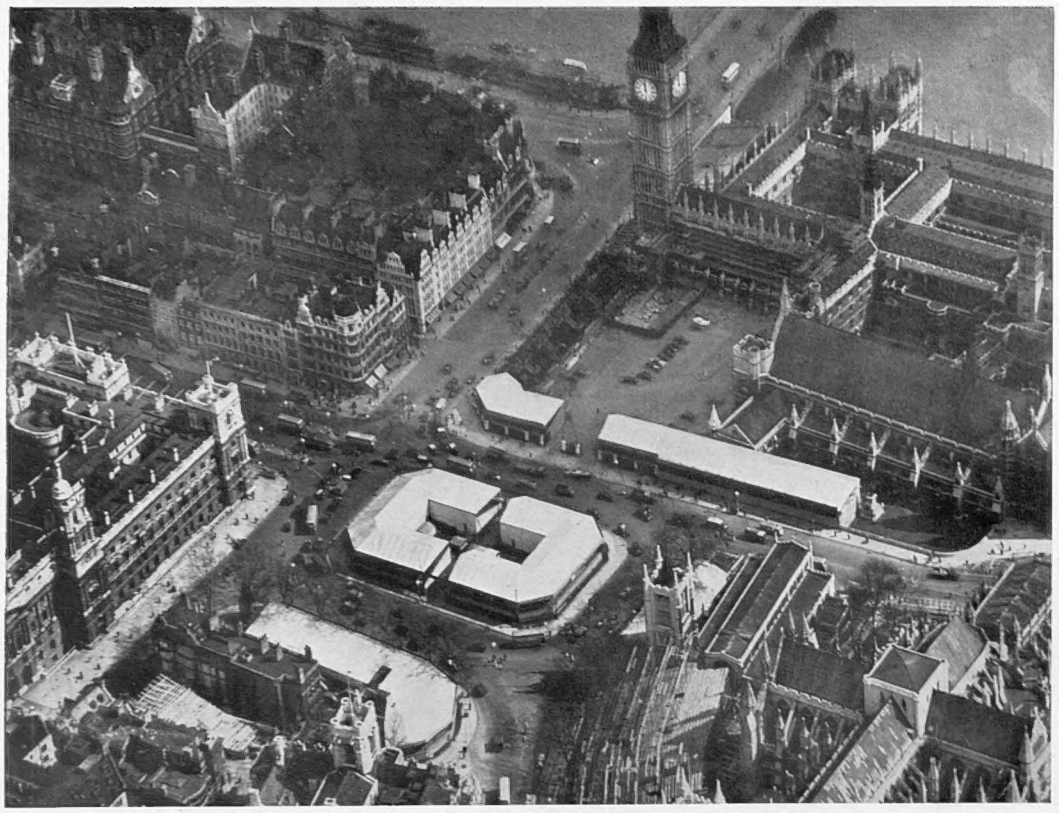
OF HISTORY

A CHARMING LATE APRIL WEDDING: Mr. Peter Hugh Flower, of the Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Flower and grandson of the late Lord Claud Hamilton and Lady Claud Hamilton, leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with his bride, Miss Lydia Huth, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Huth. Warrant officers and N.C.O's of the Coldstreams provided the Guard of Honour

of the Order of Rajanya, the highest distinction Nepal can offer, is for the first ten days of its stay being entertained by His Majesty's Government and this Friday a reception was arranged in its honour at the Foreign Office, with Mr. Eden as host

BUSY DAYS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: The scene in one of the galleries as members of the staff made final arrangements for the Royal Academy private view this Friday and for the official opening next Monday. In the foreground is the new bronze statue of the artist, Turner, by Walter McMillan, R.A.—a piece that has been accepted for permanent exhibition. See also pages 193 to 195 of this issue

APOSTLE OF ORGANISED LABOUR: Mr. John L. Lewis, the American union leader, addressing a crowd of 25,000 motor workers in the Coliseum at Detroit, Michigan, on the evening of the settlement of the five weeks strike in the Chrysler motor works. The Corporation on the one hand recognised the United Automobile Workers Union as the collective bargaining agency for its members employed by the firm, while the Union, on the other hand, undertakes to call no more strikes for a year



FOCAL POINT OF THE CELEBRATIONS: An overhead view of Parliament Square showing the vast stand accommodation that has been set up. Judging from what happened in 1911 getting away from this area after the procession is over on May 12 will be no easy matter, particularly for members of the Abbey congregation. Everything possible is being done however to reduce congestion as much as possible

Some CORONATION PROBLEMS

The All-Important Question of How to Get Away After the Procession Has Passed

THERE is a problem which is exercising the minds of seat-holders along the Coronation route to an even greater degree than the problem of how to reach their seats in time. It is the problem of how to get away and reach home, or other destinations, after the Coronation procession has passed. Aye, there's the rub.

If people will only follow the precise and definite instructions which are being showered on them gratis by various authorities they should be able to reach their seats without undue adventure. You can obtain maps, free of charge, at any police station; you can get, for the asking, at any Underground station, a coloured map which will do much to clear your way. If you are a member of the A.A. you can get all the advice you need The same applies to the R.A.C.

But the getting home. That is going to be a far more intricate matter than in the simple days when Samuel Pepys said, "And so home"—and that was that. Up to the present, indeed, there is no official advice as to how to cope with the matter. Scotland Yard has built up a miraculous machinery for filtering the people in, but the authorities realise that it must be left—more or less—to the good sense of the public to shepherd themselves out. THE SPHERE, therefore, has prepared three diagram maps which may serve a useful purpose. They do not pretend to solve the problem of the mighty exodus but they do make clear some of the difficulties of the position and indicate where trouble may be avoided even if actual facilities cannot be ensured. In studying these maps one thing should be borne in mind. In no circumstances will any movement of people be permitted until the troops lining the route have been marched off. And in the most favourable circumstances that will not be until fifteen minutes to half-an-hour after the last of the State procession has passed any given point.

Looking at the map showing the Coronation route as a whole, it is at once obvious that some people will be in far more advantageous positions to secure quick "get-aways" than others. Let us consider the "difficult" areas in detail.

Area 1—Constitution Hill. This, though the last section of the route, is taken first because it presents more formidable difficulties to the seat-holder than any other section. The crowds in St. James's Park will inevitably surge towards the Palace and others will swarm down Constitution Hill itself. Seat-holders here, therefore, though they will enjoy an unrivalled view may expect to be imprisoned for a long time.

Area 2—The Mall. It will be hopeless for the people along the Mall to endeavour to go north. They will be cut off. The only way out, for at least three hours, will be southwards but Westminster will be shut off because of the troop area, and the Buckingham Palace Road and Birdcage Walk must be kept clear for troops after the procession has returned to the Palace. There is only one permanent bridge across the lake in St. James's Park but this is being augmented by a temporary bridge being constructed by the Royal Engineers. Filtration from this spot will of necessity be slow.

Area 3—Whitehall. This is another awkward spot. There will be no exit either north or south for hours after the procession has passed. Northwards Trafalgar Square will be jammed with people waiting for the procession's return. Southward the roads will be held till the official seats on the Embankment have been evacuated. The only way out westward would be through the Horse Guards or Charles Street to St. James's Park where the congestion would make progress practically impossible. Eastward is out of the question. An awkward spot indeed.

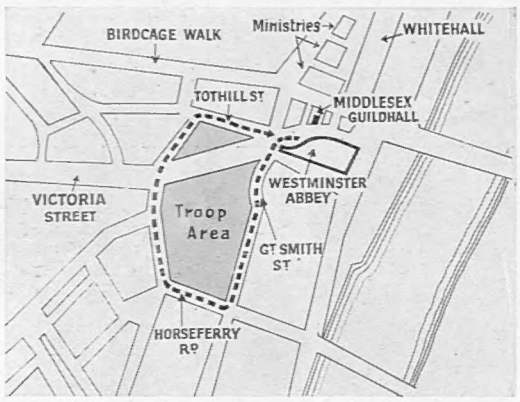
Area 4—Northumberland Avenue. This again presents many difficulties. There will be no exits southwards until the school children and the various Service and other bodies occupying the Victoria Embankment between Westminster Bridge and Hungerford Bridge (Charing Cross) have been marched away. Trafalgar Square will be impassable. There is only one small exit, eastwards, towards Charing Cross and only two small exits into Whitehall.

Area 5—Pall Mall. This will be the most difficult of all the sections of the route from which to make a "get away," with exception of Constitution Hill. To endeavour to pass south will be to encounter the congestion in St. James's Park. The Mall will be impossible. Trafalgar Square may be an ultimate hope.

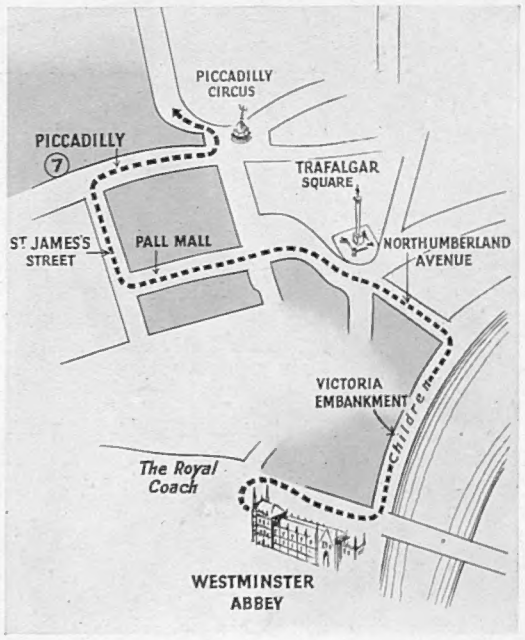
Area 6—St. James's Street. Everything said of Pall Mall applies with equal force here.

Area 7—Piccadilly.—Piccadilly will, of course, be a little better than Pall Mall and St. James's Street—but not much. No movement northwards will, of course, be possible until some time after the procession is clear of Oxford Street.

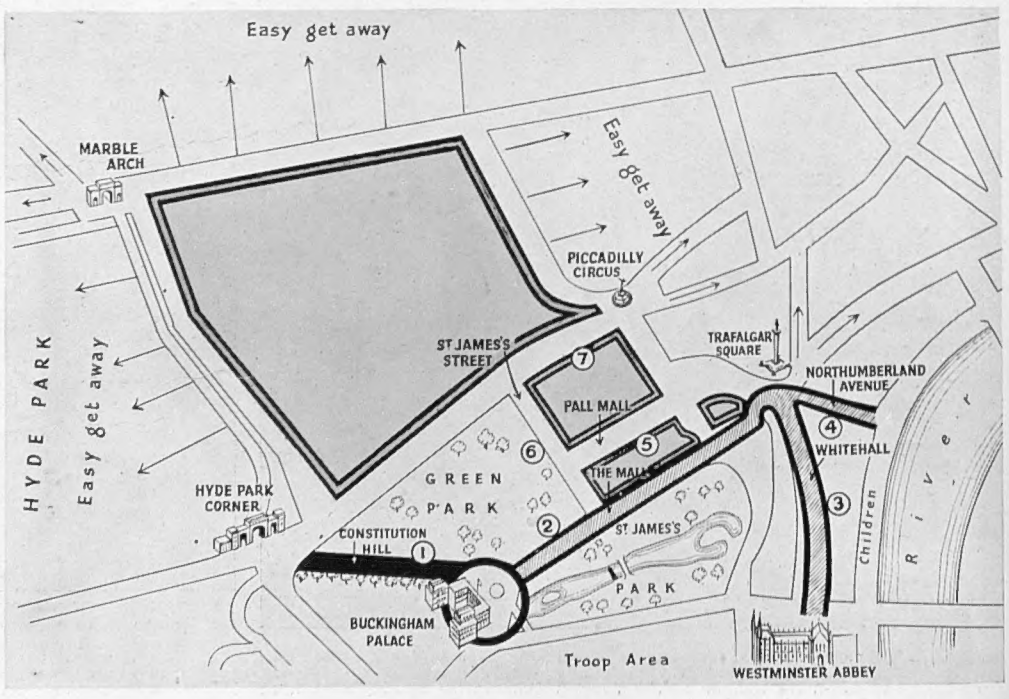
E. B.



WHERE THEY WILL WAIT: After the King and Queen have alighted from the State coach at the Abbey Annexe the procession will not break ranks but will continue into Great Smith Street, Horseferry Road, and Tothill Street, standing ready there until towards the end of the service so that it will be able to start out on the return journey to the Palace with the minimum of delay



On left—AFTER THE SERVICE: At 1 p.m. or thereabouts the Coronation coach will be drawn up outside the Abbey Annexe in readiness for the King and Queen's reappearance, but by this time the rest of the procession will have moved ahead along the route as indicated by the dotted line. The areas marked with a dark tone are areas from which members of the general public will only be able to get away with difficulty if they should wish to do so hurriedly

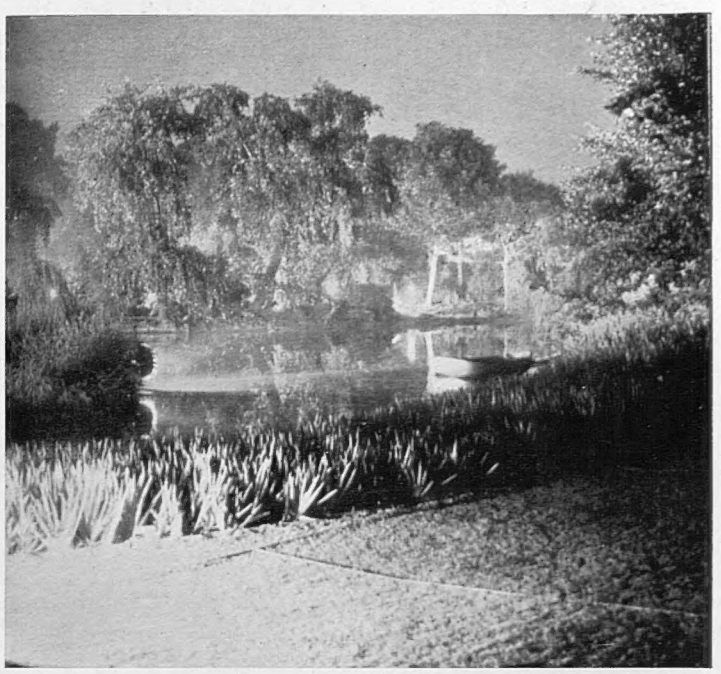


On right—THE MAIN CENTRES OF CONGESTION are marked by the numbers 1 to 7 on this sketch map, 1 and 2 perhaps presenting the greatest problem for members of the public wishing to leave the Coronation area. Indeed it is anticipated that those seated in The Mall will have to remain there some hours or else fight their way across St. James's Park to St. James's Underground Station. Points from which an easy get-away can be made are also marked

"LIGHTS THAT DO MISLEAD THE MORN": *Above and above on right* — Two impressions of the wonderful lighting system that has been installed in St. James's Park by the Gas Light and Coke Co. and which will be one of the outstanding features of London's Coronation illuminations to be held from 9 p.m. to midnight on the nights from May 12 to May 17

St. James's Park— A FLOODLIT FAIRYLAND

With Gas Lamps of Immense Candle Power



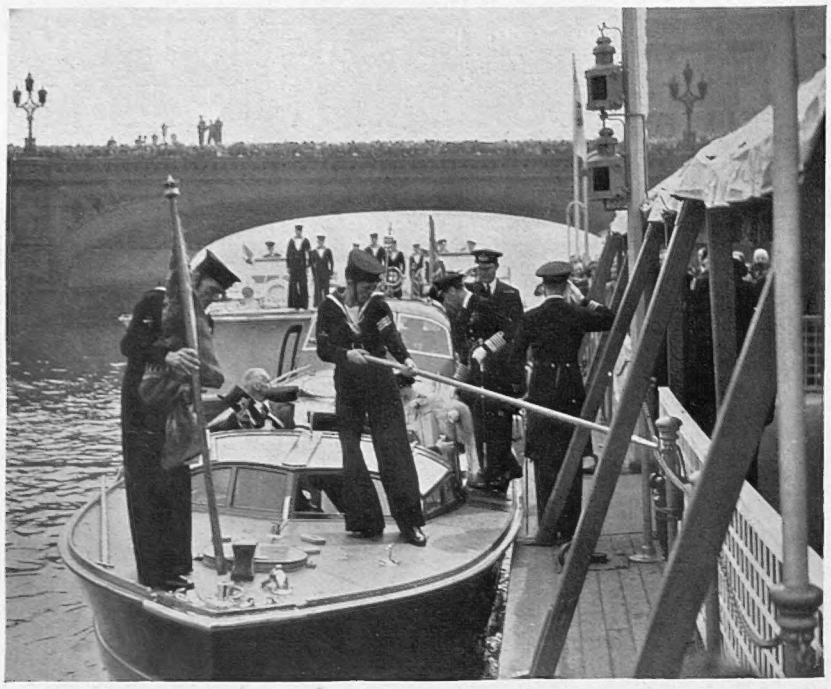
A BATTERY OF GAS FLOODLIGHTS installed in St. James's Park in readiness for the first rehearsal. Over three hundred lamps of varying sizes are being used and about four miles of piping have been laid, some sections of it running beneath the lake. The whole preparations have taken two and a half months to complete. The soft effects and natural colour contrasts obtained by the use of this medium are truly remarkable

—And a Contrast From the Country

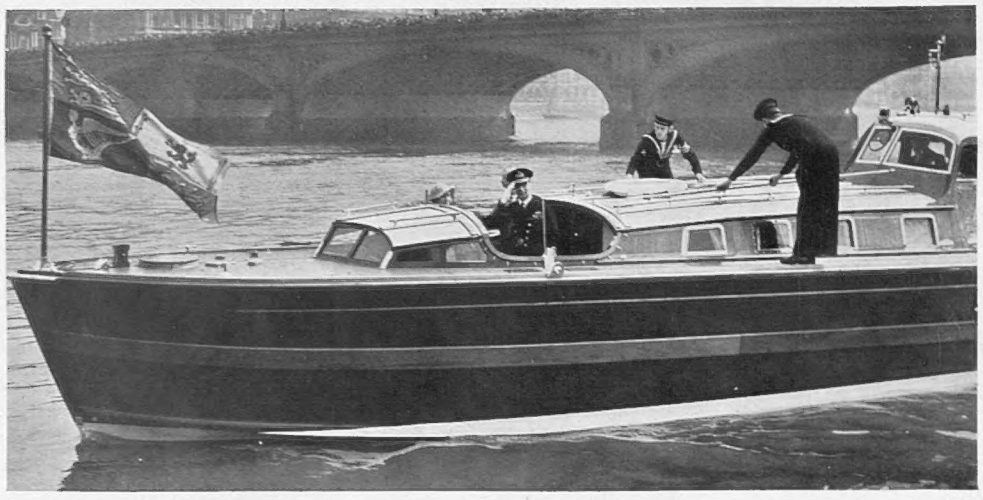
On left—NATURE UNADORNED: A contrast from the Suffolk countryside where the blackthorn blossom is now to be seen in all its glory and incidentally has not been living up to its black reputation for bringing a cold spell in its train.

THE ROYAL RIVER JOURNEY

The King and Queen Travel By Barge to Greenwich



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AS A GRANDSTAND: A section of the huge crowd which gathered to watch the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth as they embarked (as depicted above on left) at Westminster pier for their river journey to Greenwich to open the new National Maritime Museum. *On left*—The Royal Barge, a power boat of a type very similar to that used by naval Commanders-in-Chief, pictured just as it was setting off



THAMES-SIDE VIEWPOINT: The "Prospect of Whitby" at Wapping, the oldest public house on the tideway, was gaily decorated for the occasion as were many other buildings on the lower reaches of the river. *On left*—Nurses of the Children's Hospital, Wapping, took up their station on this old barge and thus enjoyed a magnificent view of the Royal progress

THE ROYAL PARTY AT GREENWICH: *Left*—Their Majesties greeted on arrival at the Queen's House, the building that was once the residence of Anne of Denmark, consort of James I, and which has now been converted into the National Maritime Museum, housing Britain's first publicly owned marine collection worthy of her sea-going traditions. In the distance are the Royal Hospital buildings. *Right*—The King and Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, and Sir Samuel Hoare (extreme left of group), First Lord of the Admiralty, standing beside a model of Blake's ship, *Sovereign of the Seas*, after the opening ceremony

ROYALTY'S BUSY WEEK

AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: The Duke of Gloucester, in full-dress uniform, saluting, and the Duchess of Gloucester seen outside the Guards' Chapel after the King had unveiled the memorial to George V. The memorial consists of a new sanctuary pavement and altar carried out to the design of Sir Nevile Wilkinson, K.C.V.O., Ulster King of Arms

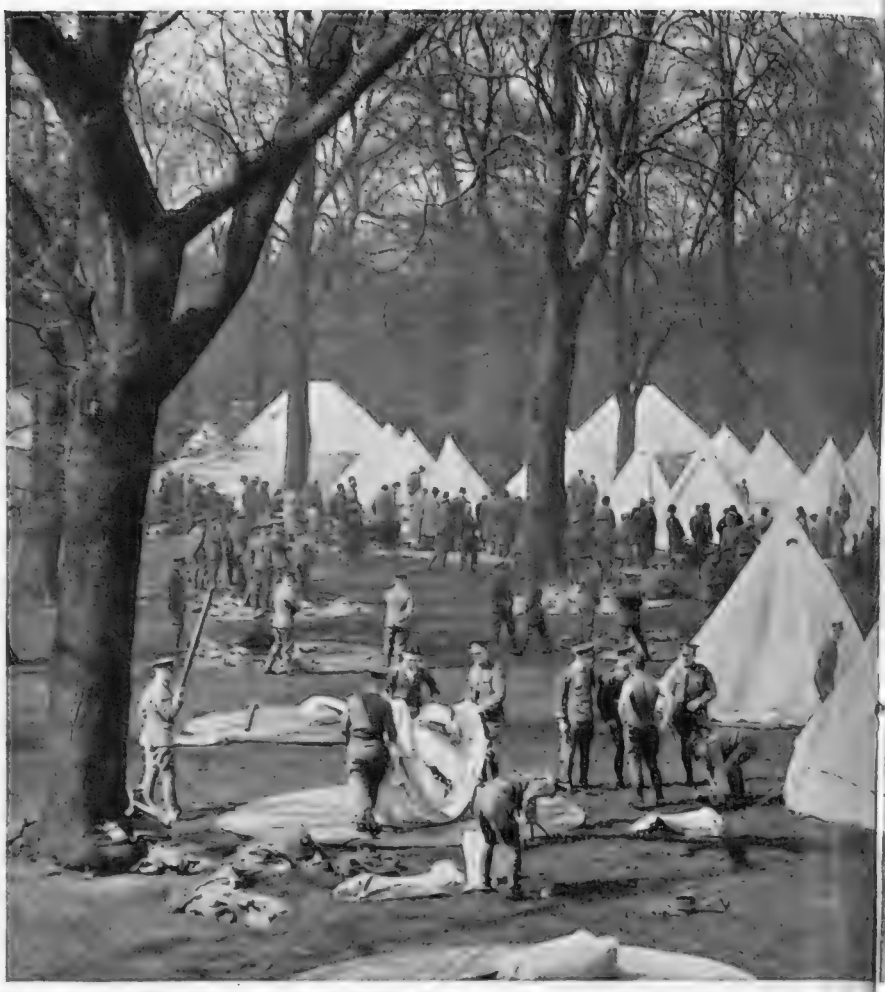
PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY: Her Royal Highness pictured with her sister, Princess Margaret, as, through one of the arches of the quadrangle, she watched the changing of the guard at Windsor Castle on the morning of April 21. In honour of the occasion the bells from the Curfew Tower rang out and flags flew from buildings, while in the afternoon the Princess entertained a number of friends and relatives to tea

ABBEY REHEARSAL: Lady Smith Dorrien (left), head of the Royal School of Needlework, Lord Jeffrey Percy, Lady Elizabeth Percy (one of the Queen's trainbearers), Lady Margaret Cavendish (another trainbearer), and the Duchess of Northumberland (Mistress of the Robes), outside the Abbey after participating in a rehearsal of the Queen's part in the Coronation

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE EAST END: Their Royal Highnesses leaving the People's Palace in the Mile End Road after attending the second of the Robert Mayer Coronation Concerts for Children—a programme that included a special piece dedicated by Sir Walford Davies to Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. *On left*—The Duke of Kent inspecting a sheet from the press during his visit to Odham's printing works at Watford, where he saw Coronation programmes in course of production

LONDON: A MIGHTY

ADVANCE GUARD: A busy scene in one of the camp kitchens in Kensington Gardens where last week the first tents were pitched in what will eventually be a vast camp accommodating many of the 32,500 troops who will be employed in London for the Coronation. This force is really a "composite army of the Empire," every unit in the Commonwealth being represented by at least a single individual



THE CAMP WITH THE SMART ADDRESS: Troops pitching tents in Kensington Gardens on taking up quarters last week in readiness for the Coronation. All the men under canvas there will be marching in the procession on May 12, while those at Regent's Park and Primrose Hill camps will be employed in street lining. *Below*—Scots Guards rehearsing in the moat of the Tower of London for their Coronation duties

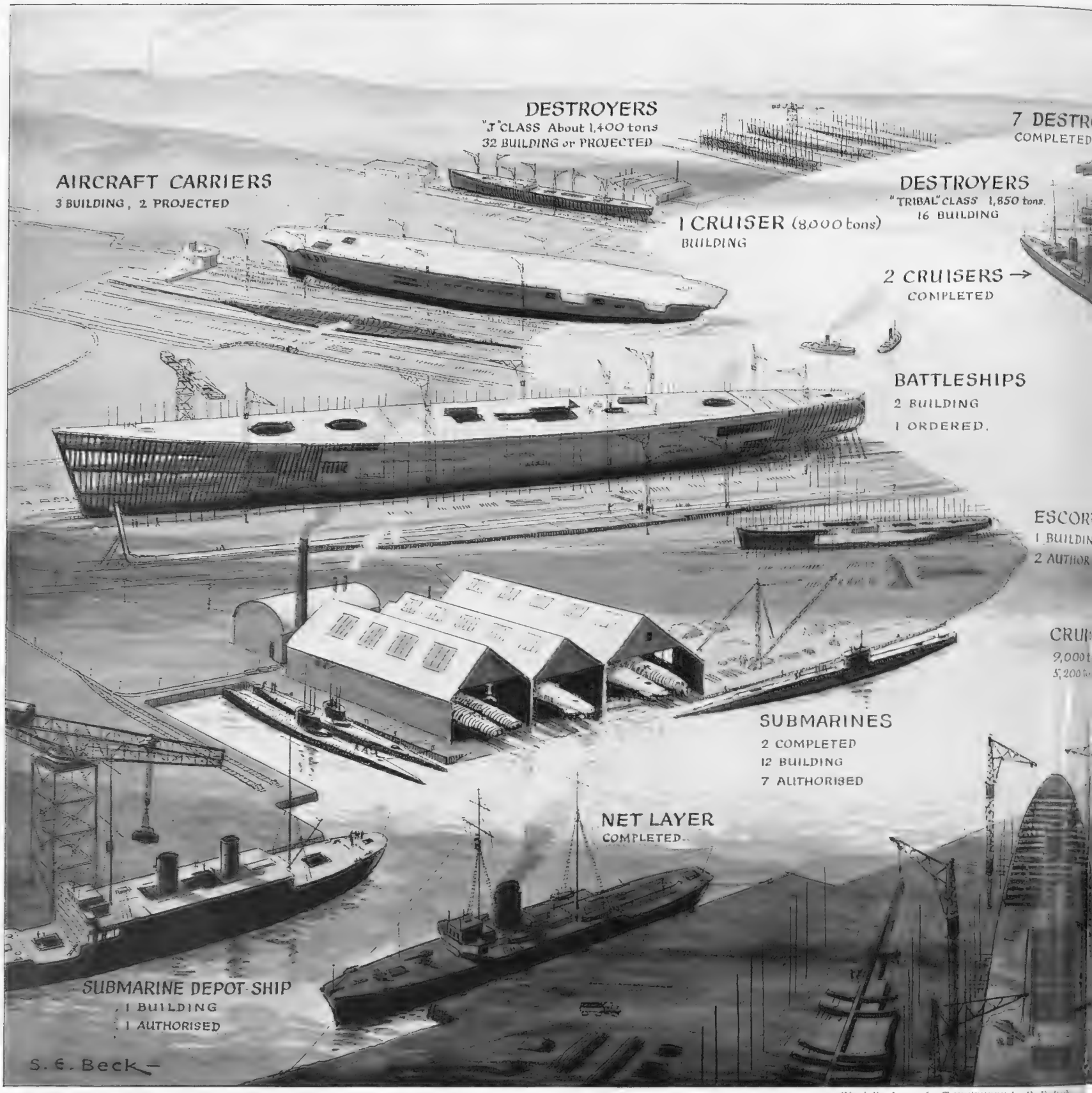
THE SAPPERS SHOW THEIR PACES: Territorials building a pontoon bridge across St. James's Park lake in order to relieve pressure likely to occur on the existing suspension span on Coronation day as crowds disperse from the Mall grandstands and make for St. James's Park Underground. The old bridge, it will be noted, has been strengthened with timbering

CORONATION CAMP

Above on right—THE TOY DRUM MAJOR: A little visitor to Kensington Gardens entertains the signallers during the lunch hour. *Below*—An interval in tent-pitching operations at the camp which is being made ready for the main body of men due to arrive between May 9 and May 11. The Dominions' contingents will occupy Olympia, while those from the Colonies will have quarters in Wellington Barracks

SPRING-TIME IN THE PARK! Cot mattresses, presumably for the use of officers, arriving at the Kensington Gardens camp. A spell of mild weather facilitated operations

ARMY OF OCCUPATION: Men of the Leicestershire and King's Own Yorkshire Regiments pictured on arrival in Regent's Park where part of the Coronation street-lining force is now being mustered. Altogether 25,000 men are to be engaged in this work on May 12 and the problem of accommodating and victualling them is naturally immense



Specially drawn for THE SPHERE *by S. E. Beck*

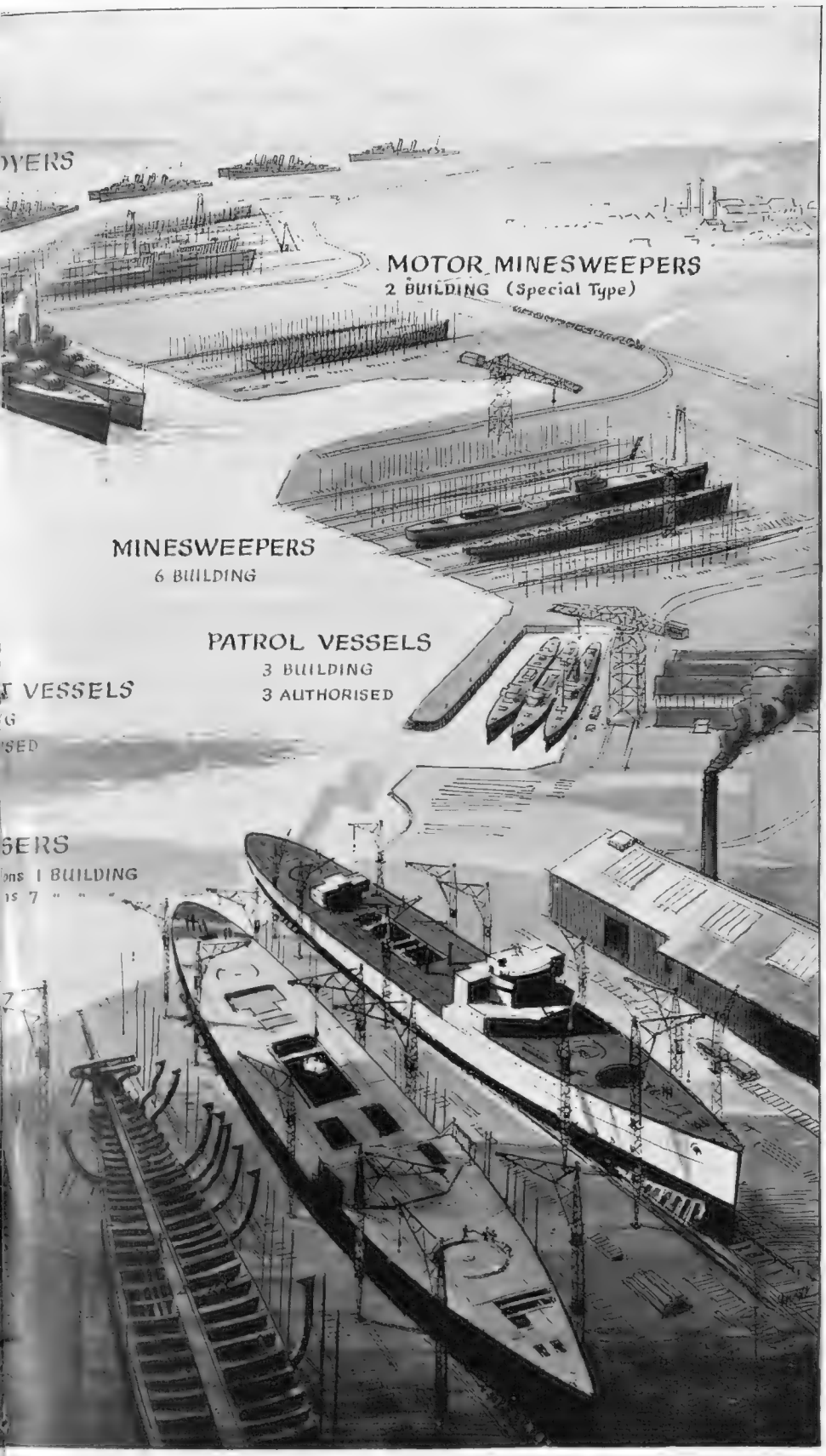
THE NEW AND BIGGER NAVY IN THE MAKING: A diagrammatic drawing showing the vast scope of Britain's elaborate naval re-armament programme, work on which is now being pushed ahead with all speed. Two battleships, the *King George V* and the *Prince of Wales*, are at present under construction, while three aircraft carriers, one of which was launched the other day, are in the hands of the builders. The destroyer programme is particularly extensive, for in addition to the seven recently finished, sixteen are now on the stocks and another sixteen are projected

THE £3,000,000 "ARK ROYAL": The new aircraft carrier, which was launched at Birkenhead by Lady Maud Hoare, is the first large aircraft carrier in this country to have been originally designed as such. Her aircraft carrying capacity will greatly exceed that of any previous British ship, for she will accommodate about seventy machines, or twenty-two more than the *Courageous*

The ideal system for any Navy to build the new ships that it needs is on a long-term plan whereby the programme is laid down for several years ahead, as it was by the German Navy Act of 1900 which was the real foundation of the pre-war German Navy. If this is done it is possible for everything to run smoothly; the shipbuilders know just what work they may expect, labour may be organised, the personnel of the fleet enrolled and trained in a steady stream, and supplies of all sorts purchased well ahead so that in every direction there is the greatest possible economy.

Unfortunately this has never been possible for the British Navy, which as a defensive force has to build its ships to meet any danger to the country and its food supplies, and whose programme is therefore dependent on those of other nations. The uncertainty means that the cost is always liable to be higher and the shipbuilding resources of the country, both public and private, must be maintained on a scale which costs a lot of money when they are not fully employed. At the present time this trouble is accented by the country's long-sustained attempt to disarm, abandoned only when it became obvious to the man in the street that our example was not being followed abroad, and that our defences had been allowed to drop to a dangerously low level. The result is a sudden outburst of building activity which must of necessity prove very expensive.

It was not unexpected; we had the precedent of the later



BRITAIN'S NAVAL RE-ARMAMENT

The Elaborate Programme of Present and Future Warship Construction Set Forth in Diagrammatic Form

In the meanwhile the demand for new ships, coming as it does at a time when orders for merchantmen are also pouring into the shipyards, and when the general improvement in shipping is putting the price of old vessels out of the reach of the ship-breakers and steel merchants, is making it necessary for the Admiralty to proceed very carefully with its building programme, which nobody expects to be carried through without a good deal of difficulty. During the slump the shipbuilding industry was more dangerously ill than any other, and indiscretion in resuming work during convalescence is bound to produce serious complications.

While Britain was striving for disarmament the Navy was allowed to become deficient in every department, and the effort to restore it is necessarily spread over a wide area. In capital ships the design of the battleship now appears to have been merged into that of the battle-cruiser, and the new type, of which the *King George V* and *Prince of Wales* are building and three sisters are projected, combines the features of both. Naturally little is known of their design, but it is understood that the pyramid massing of the main armament which was tried in the *Nelson* and *Rodney*, resulting in all nine 16-in. guns being grouped in one place, has been abandoned, and that the twelve 14-in. guns of the new ships will be placed after the older fashion with a big gap between the two pairs of turrets.

It is understood that the speed of these ships is to be 30 knots and that their displacement has been kept down to 35,000 tons in accordance with the London Disarmament Treaty, although the decision of Japan to have nothing to do with it, and of the United States to counter any move on the part of Japan, has already made this policy dangerous. There will certainly be a very stormy argument over the main armament of 14-in. guns when both Japan and the United States have adopted the 16-in. piece, but there is room for two opinions on that subject.

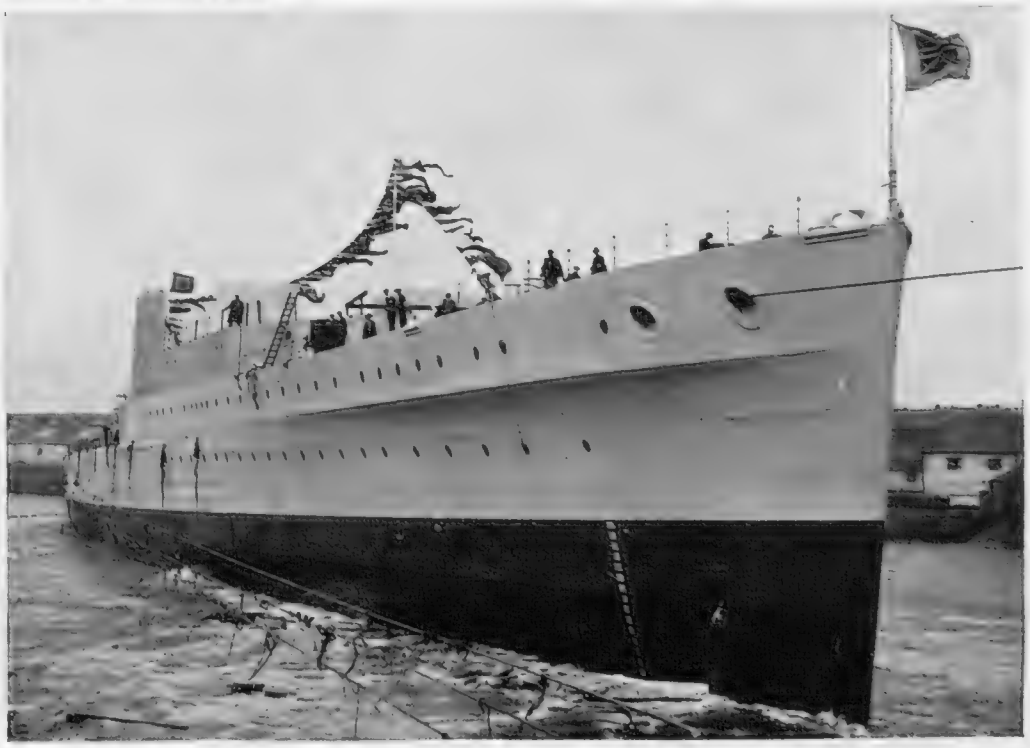
In the aircraft-carrier class, whose importance is steadily increasing, the programmes plan to replace the present experimental ships, practically all of them ships which were originally designed for another purpose, by vessels which are intended for their work from the first and which should therefore be superior on all points. Naturally, the greatest secrecy is being maintained concerning their design, but the *Ark Royal*, just launched, is known to have a displacement of 22,000 tons and a speed of 30 knots, while the *Illustrious* and *Victorious* are modifications of her design and two more ships are projected. The principal modification will probably be in the matter of speed, for experience has shown that an aircraft carrier must have a margin of at least three or four knots over the ships with which she is to work, and if the new battleships are to be 30-knotters the aircraft carriers will have to be as fast as many modern destroyers. It is this high speed, coupled with the size which is necessary if the operation of flying-on is not to be appallingly dangerous and the very expensive fittings, which makes the aircraft carrier the most costly type of surface ship while she is still the most vulnerable.

It is the cruiser type which is needed most of all for the protection of the food supplies, and about which there is most anxiety. The British cruiser is probably the most difficult ship of all to plan. Bitter criticism of our cruiser design is constantly to be seen in the Press, but the problem is such a difficult one that the plans are bound to be a compromise which contains many disadvantages. Foreign ships are designed to be able to raid as opportunity offers, but the British must keep the seas at all times and seasons in order to be ready to counter these surprise raids and these qualities of sea-keeping and habitability, which cannot be shown on paper, demand a sacrifice of other and more obvious features. Once again fidelity to the disarmament treaties has had its big influence on British design; in order to keep within our old allowance of tonnage small ships have been built which are obviously inferior to most foreign cruisers. But numbers had to be obtained somehow; it took a cordon of nineteen cruisers to round up the famous raider *Emden* in the early days of the war.

(Continued on page 210)

eighties which culminated in the Naval Defence Act of 1889. The Fleet was then deplorably short of cruisers, and British commerce and food supplies were at the mercy of raiding French or Russian corsairs who had quite openly announced their intention of preying on our shipping the moment the opportunity arrived. The necessary money was raised on loan, the ships were built in a great hurry at a bigger cost than would otherwise have been the case, and then most of them had to be laid-up in the Reserve for lack of trained men to take them to sea. The situation was saved, but the bill was a heavy one, and there is no doubt that the Navy would have been in a very awkward position indeed had war broken out twenty years before it did. Even then, when naval affairs were comparatively simple, it required some time for all the new material to be absorbed into the Navy and then, as now, the building of the new ships caused acute difficulties in the shipbuilding industry.

In one matter the Service to-day is in a much better position than it was in 1889. The "bloated staffs" of the Admiralty, which have been so bitterly criticised during the last few years on account of their expense, have been putting in an immense amount of hard organising work, in anticipation of just such a situation as has arisen to-day, although it seemed that their efforts would never be put to good use. Despite discouragement they carried on working out as perfect an organisation as was possible while so many factors were unknown, and there is no doubt that this work will save the country many millions.



On right—ONE OF THE NEW "TOWN" CLASS: The 9,000-ton cruiser *Liverpool* in the waters of the Clyde after being launched by Mrs. Montagu Norman, wife of the Governor of the Bank of England, from the Govan yard of the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company. The vessel has a designed speed of 32 knots

RESUSCITATED IDOL OF THE MILITARY CASTE: General Erich von Ludendorff who, after so many post-war reverses, once again begins to loom large in the German scheme of things. He was one of the first National Socialists, being with Hitler in the Munich *Putsch* of 1923, but was later dropped

LUDENDORFF RE-EMERGES

The Military Genius of the Central Powers, now the Champion of Paganism and the Arch Enemy of Roman Catholicism

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE rehabilitation of Colonel-General Erich von Ludendorff, promulgated by Herr Hitler stretching out his hand once more to him who was at his right on the historic night of the Munich Bierhalle *Putsch* of November, 1923, is probably the most audacious and the riskiest thing the Führer has yet done. The greatest tactician of the war is the greatest enemy of the Roman Catholic Church alive. And there are over 30,000,000 German Catholics, many of them among the most practising to-day. And there is the Vatican. Yet Hitler has not stopped short of bestowing the same recognition on Ludendorff's Neo-Pagan sect as is accorded by the State to the Christian Churches, which this sect insensately combats.

Will the Führer eventually meet his match, and perhaps more, through his open flouting of, no, covert declaration of war on the Catholic Church? Such is a very legitimate question. There are not a few who consider that the dictators should be left as much to themselves as possible, at this stage; that it would be worse than foolish to interfere with the domestically unfolding tale.

When the reconciliation was first announced it was freely averred that its effect would be the swallowing of Ludendorff, last permitted critic of the Nazi regime in Germany, a sustained cross fire which he put over in his fortnightly publication *The Holy Well of German Strength*. But the General quickly made it clear that there was to be no swallowing about it. The Nazi ban on his pagan philosophic movement "The German Experience of God," had, he proclaimed, been terminated, and there would be henceforward no objection to members of the Nazi party joining his sect! Absurd loudspeaking? Not a bit of it. The underlying fact of the reconciliation being that Herr Hitler entirely shares Ludendorff's form of pantheism, Wotan-worship of the old German gods and heroes. That is the link between the ex-corporal of the front line and the man who sent millions into battle. That is what makes Ludendorff strong in the German land to-day.

A second circumstance renders him stronger. Following upon the recent Berchtesgaden burying of the hatchet, Ludendorff explained matters in his review by saying that Hitler had deserved well of the Fatherland for his gradual destruction of the "Versailles Treaty of Shame," for his regaining of the Rhineland, and for his putting Germany once more in arms, achievement of a moral unity enabling the Reich again to envisage serious tasks. While the Führer, for his part, responded by saying in as many words that he was jolly glad to connect up again with the generals of the world war. A very great deal lay behind this exchange of greetings. Nothing less than the maintenance of goodwill and harmony between the vast new German army and the Nazi party. For the leaders of this army have never forgotten Ludendorff, who is their Napoleon. As soldiers, they know that he was the greatest military brain on the side of the Central Powers. And Hitler has of late been making one or two bad blunders with regard to the army. It simply was necessary for the Führer to get together with Ludendorff again in order that his own position with the army might be reconsolidated.

Signor Mussolini has apparently been having similar difficulties with the Italian High Command consequent on the Addis Ababa massacres and the rout of the Italian troops in Spain. Both Marshals Graziani and Badoglio, each of whom has a considerable following, are understood to have protested. Even totalitarian dictators cannot afford to ignore the regular forces.

Thus strong should Ludendorff be in the future: as the founder of the cult Hitler believes, and as the resuscitated idol of the military caste. Nor should it be overlooked that the General's conception of the State totally at war is being sedulously adopted by the Nazi regime, while it beats me, moreover, why it should be so widely assumed that this great soldier "is unlikely to return to an active part in the military history of Germany." Ludendorff is seventy-two and remarkably well preserved. Nor can one exactly insist that his brain is not functioning. How old was Moltke at Sedan? Foch was sixty-eight at Armistice. Hindenburg over seventy.

The more one examines the re-entry of Ludendorff, the more interesting it becomes, for there are two distinct aspects to it, the religious and the military. Not to mention a third clear pointer, namely, that Hitler stands in need of support.

The religious aspect is clear. Ludendorff may now openly practise an anti-Christian cult as good as with the blessing of the State, a cult also anti-Jew, anti-Freemason, and anti-clerical. In Munich he has a rival, though not *the* rival of whom I hope to write subsequently. This Munich rival is that fine figure, Cardinal Faulhaber, who can no longer risk taking his valiant anti-Nazi stand in his own pulpit, so has his sermons read by another while he sits on his throne hard by. His latest sermon, read by the Bishop of Lindau, leaves no doubt that Roman Catholicism intends to fight on to the end, in Germany. Thus it ended: "Although in the past the leaders of our Church have been stoned, hanged, and beheaded, the Church has always lived on. Many figures of the moment have tried to wrap her in her winding sheet and put her in her grave, but in spite of their wiles and snares and their temporary power, it has always been the Church which has finally wrapped the others in their winding sheets."

There's guts for you! Sitting by on his throne while that was being read out and then venturing out into the streets of Munich on the way back to his Palace, through the streets of the Sacred Nazi City, where repose its sacred dead.

On the surface it might appear that there exists one transcending link between Hitlerism and Catholicism. As is known, the Pope is distraught at the inroads of Communism. Similarly, we all know that Hitler behaves as if Communism were his most detestable nightmare also. Yet the Vatican is not going to be taken in by any such professions. It has decided that German Paganism with its idolatrous Man-God note, is every bit as great an enemy of Catholicism as is Communism.

So much for the religious aspect of Ludendorff's return. The struggle is on. St. Peter's v. Wotan.

Given, then, that Ludendorff's re-emergence holds high significance for the destiny of the Third Realm, the man's whole post-war bearing assumes fresh interest. It has been said time and again that he went off his head, the most explosive and contemptuous head, when confronted by Germany's degradation, 1919–1922. Has any other great captain in history, one wonders, gone off at such crusading tangent once the cannon had died down?

How did Ludendorff get this way? It is just possible that the writer may be able to throw some light on the matter. The most accepted version is that the General was a witness of the Kurt Eisner revolution in Munich and that there and then he conceived an almost insane hatred of the Jews. It is my belief that his anti-Semitism can be traced further back than that—to the Doughboys, who by their coming baulked his plans and wrecked his career. Somehow or other, Ludendorff was unable to dissociate the U.S. from Jewry. He saw the two as one—at least he did one memorable morning, August 8, 1922, out at his home at Wilhelmshöhe when he barked at me for the best part of an hour.

The General was in great danger at the time and only after much effort could I get to him through the kind offices of the political editor of the *Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten*. I had heard that Ludendorff was wont to keep a revolver handy and a stove perpetually burning in case of an emergency calling for the destruction of his personal papers, but I was not prepared to be met by a brace of snarling wolfhounds, things that fairly put the breeze up one. Not only had I to advance up to the porch through them, for the honour of the (still) Allied and Associated Powers, but the darned things kept circling round me in the salon—they wouldn't let me sit down—until a maid announced "Excellenz von Ludendorff!"

The General stood bolt upright in the doorway, his (first) wife beside him. Clad in Bavarian peasant kit, shorts and blue cotton coat, he spake not a word but "fixed" me in the approved Prussian style. I noticed something sticking out inside his left-hand pocket into which a fist was jammed hard down. The beastly hounds barked and pranced about me. Then, of a sudden, as if determining that he was safe, the ex-Q.M.G. waved his wife away and out of the room with abrupt gesture, and bore down upon me in near-goose step, small light blue eyes relentlessly on mine. A yard from me, he drew himself up, bowed about an inch in a jerk, extended a nerveless hand and said "Ludendorff!" To which I was about to respond "Tuohy!" as in olden days at Bonn, when there came: "Sit down in that chair over there! No, over there! Take no notice of the dog!"—all this rasped out as had I been a fieldgrey on parade.

After I had seated myself face to the window, Ludendorff walked round me and sat down in an armchair three paces opposite, his eyes still set on mine (as they continued throughout), his left hand still pressed down in his coat pocket (as it continued throughout). I determined it were best to smile agreeably and fiddle with my wrist watch (which I did throughout). I had not spoken one word in several minutes, nor did I dare do so until there came in the same abrupt rasp: "What do you want?" Whereat we got going. Or, rather, Ludendorff did. I scarce said a word, permitting him to go ahead as I had permitted so many German prisoners to do behind Ypres and the Somme. Here was my greatest prisoner. I took not a note. He may have thought this strange on the part of the representative of an American paper. He was not advised of a previous function in his visitor's life.

The barrage opened with monarchy. Ludendorff was then the ex-Kaiser's leading champion, which he remained until he wed his second intellectual wife, Mathilde, and went all pagan.

"I fail to see what right America has to interest itself in the future of Germany. Let the Americans study themselves for a change. The Americans! (The interview was a succession of explosions.) One record you established. You entered the war from the worst motive in the history of the world. You entered it for gold. It was the voyage of the *Deutschland* across the Atlantic that really decided you. You then began to see your gold slipping from you. We, we Germans, we fought for the supremacy of our race. You—you fought for gold! Tell them that, if you like!" And Ludendorff leaned forward, finger shot out at me, pistol-like. Nevertheless I remained much more frightened of those wolfhounds than of anything or anybody else at Wilhelmshöhe.

"But, Excellenz. Are supremacy and gold so very far apart, viewed in the long run? Would not the supremacy which you mention as having been the war objective of Germany have brought in its train very substantial monetary advantage to the German people?"

"That may be," came the retort angry, "but we only thought of our race."

"But do you class all Americans the same? What of the German-Americans?"

"The worst of the lot! Terrible people. We got nothing from them then and expect nothing from them now. Bah, the Americans! The most narrow-minded people in the world. We can do without you." Hereabouts the General had worked himself up into a declamatory heat, emitting each phrase as if it were a military order and gesticulating in unison. But it was nothing to his state when he bore on to the Jews.

In his mind, the Jews urged the U.S. into the conflict, and the coming of the U.S. defeated Ludendorff in the field, since naturally Foch could never have attempted what he did, had he not been cognisant of 300,000 Doughboys landing every month at French ports.

EUROPEAN SURVEY

INSUPPORTABLE: This steel framework for a footbridge, being built across the Avenue Victor Emmanuel in connection with the Paris International Exhibition, suddenly collapsed in the centre, in its fall injuring a workman

CULTURAL LINK: Professor Lehnich, President of the German Film Chamber, putting his signature to the Berlin agreement ensuring co-operation between the film industries of Germany and Italy. Standing on the left is Signor Luigi Freddi, head of the Italian industry, and on the right is Chevalier Parisch, of the Institute Luce

BUDDHIST RITES IN CALIFORNIA: The scene outside the temple at Fresno before the service held in honour of the temple's recognition as the second most important Buddhist place of worship in the United States. The head of the North American Buddhist Mission attended

VIVENT LES VACANCES! Youngsters of Carcassonne tear down the cobbled street after release from school. A camera study from the old fortress city, with medieval towers providing the setting

KING GEORGE II TOURS THE PROVINCES: Since the restoration His Majesty has travelled throughout the length and breadth of Greece and visited many of the islands of the Aegean, being greeted everywhere by demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. Lately he has been in the Peloponnese and is depicted on left after passing under a triumphal arch set up in his honour at Sparta. *Above*—The King about to lay a wreath on the war memorial at Nauplia, the seaport which in the Middle Ages belonged to Venice, afterwards passed to the Turks, and in the last century became capital of independent Greece

FIGHTING *the* FENLAND FLOODS

East Anglia's Greatest Problem And How It is Being Faced

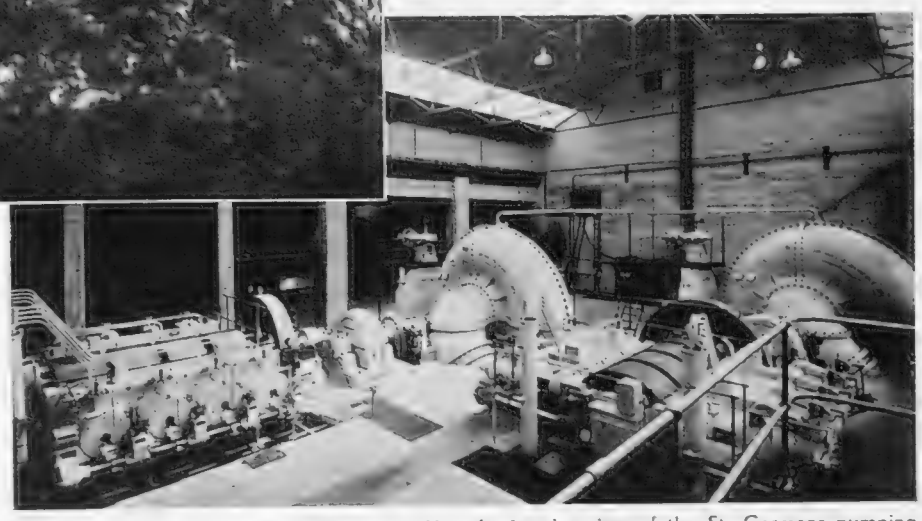
The recent flooding threat to over 100,000 acres of rich, Cambridgeshire Fenland country, which, had it materialised, would have resulted in losses estimated at nearly £2,000,000, has focused public attention once again on the imperative necessity for affording this important food-producing area more adequate protection against its age-old enemy. Even now, though the tumult and the shouting have died down with the fall of the flood level, the danger is not entirely over. Many acres are still waterlogged, and last week's heavy rainfall caused the rivers to rise in some cases to 3 ft. above normal. Although this was well below danger-point, it illustrates how easily a crisis might recur, and how great is the need for preventive action before the next winter rains.

Fenlanders themselves were the first to admit that many of the published stories of the floods were grossly exaggerated. Yet there is no doubt that for ten days or so in mid-March the Fens faced the greatest peril ever known in their history. That the crisis passed with only one serious breach in the banks—at Soham Lode, where 1,500 acres were flooded—is regarded locally as little short of a miracle. The South Level Area of the Ouse Catchment Board's district experienced the greatest danger. The Middle Level was saved by the giant pumps at St. Germans which are capable of discharging by mechanical means alone the huge volume of 180,000 tons of water per hour, or 4,320,000 tons per day. In the Middle Level the only anxiety was caused by the strain on the barrier bank caused by the tremendous volume of water in Welney Wash, a "reservoir" for flood water 21 miles long and ¾ mile wide into which the flood water goes when the Hundred-foot river cannot carry it. Here the water was washing the top of the bank, and volunteers spent anxious times strengthening weak spots.

Flood conditions of a fluctuating nature had been experienced throughout the district for eight weeks or so before the crisis, and at times the water was 7 ft. or so above the normal level. The network of rivers in the area flows into the Great Ouse, which empties itself into the tidal river at Denver Sluice, and there was danger, not only from the flood water from the uplands, but also from the adverse tides which made it impossible for the sluices to be kept open to release the flood water. Practically every district suffered from weak banks which had to be constantly patrolled and which had to be strengthened by day and night with sandbags, clay, piles etc., placed in position by hundreds of volunteers and troops. Pumping had to be carefully regulated to avoid the risk of breaking the banks, and even when the water began to fall there was grave danger that, with the release of such tremendous pressure, slips might occur where the banks had been undermined. Consequently the water was discharged as gradually as possible, and by the end of March the greatest danger was over.

So much for past events. Methods of preventing a recurrence of trouble are already engaging the attention of the responsible authorities, the first step being a conference between the Ouse Catchment Board, the Middle Level Board, and the internal drainage boards to consider the immediate strengthening of weak banks. Other work which will have to be carrried out includes the clearing of the out-fall from Denver to the sea, and the improvement of the Middle Level barrier bank. The Ministry of Agriculture, who made a tour of the district the other week, stated in the recent Commons debate that a 75 per cent. Government grant would be forthcoming for any scheme put forward by the Catchment Board and approved, but there is a strong feeling that the responsibility for the river below Denver should be taken over by the Government and treated as a national undertaking.

This month, however, a much more ambitious and far-reaching proposal for dealing with the situation has been put forward by Dr. Schoenfeld, Director-General of Inland Waterways of the Netherlands, and Director of Navigation on the Rhine, who made a tour of the Fens at the invitation of a daily newspaper. Dr. Schoenfeld first suggested that a barrage should be erected across the Ouse at King's Lynn to keep out the tidal water. The ideal solution, he stated later, was to dam the Wash from Boston to Hunstanton, but as there were grave difficulties in the way of such a scheme, he suggested, as an intermediate plan, building a dam across the southern half of the Wash. This would have the effect of keeping the tides from running up the rivers, and the lake within the wall of the Wash would store the flood water from the uplands. Reclamation of large tracts of land within the dam would be possible, and the clogging of river mouths with silt would be ended.



HOLDING THE ARCH ENEMY AT BAY: An interior view of the St. Germans pumping station in the Middle Level Catchment area of Fenland, showing one of the three 1,000-h.p. units, each of which is capable of pumping 1,000 tons of water a minute

KEEPING THE SLUICES CLEAR: This is the task of this veteran East Anglian worker, who by preventing silting sees to it that the water drains away from the Benacre Marshes to the sea

The Minister of Agriculture was immediately questioned in the House on Dr. Schoenfeld's plan. In reply he doubted whether the proposals would be practicable or economic, since the cost of the dam would be nearly three times that of schemes already carried out by the Ouse Catchment Board. Locally the scheme for a barricade across the southern half of the Wash is regarded as feasible from a geological point of view, but it is alleged that it would virtually do away with the port of King's Lynn. In a dry summer the seaward side of the barrage would be blocked by sand brought up with the tide, helped by the cross-currents, and this silting would not only be detrimental to shipping but to drainage of areas on both sides of the Ouse which are now drained by gravity, but which would possibly then require to be pumped.

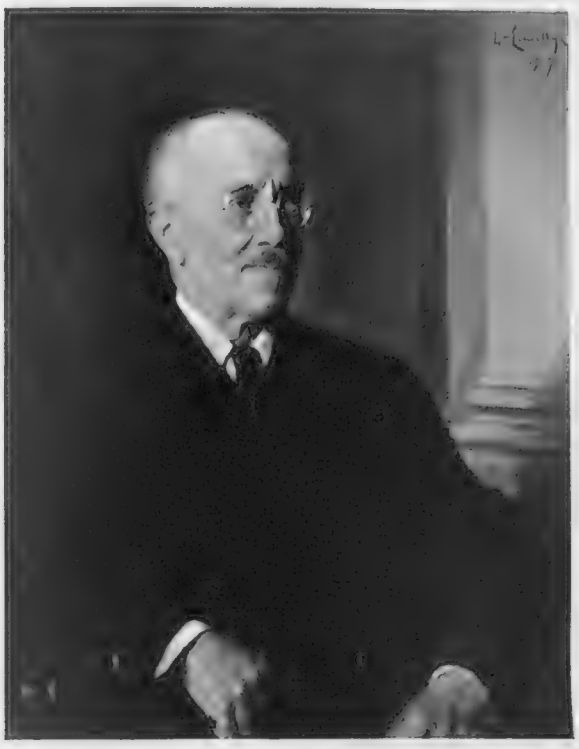
It appears very unlikely, therefore, that either of Dr. Schoenfeld's schemes will be adopted—at least for many years to come. Meanwhile, general consolidation work is being carried on throughout the area, particular attention being paid to the outfall and to the banks.

P. J. Roberts

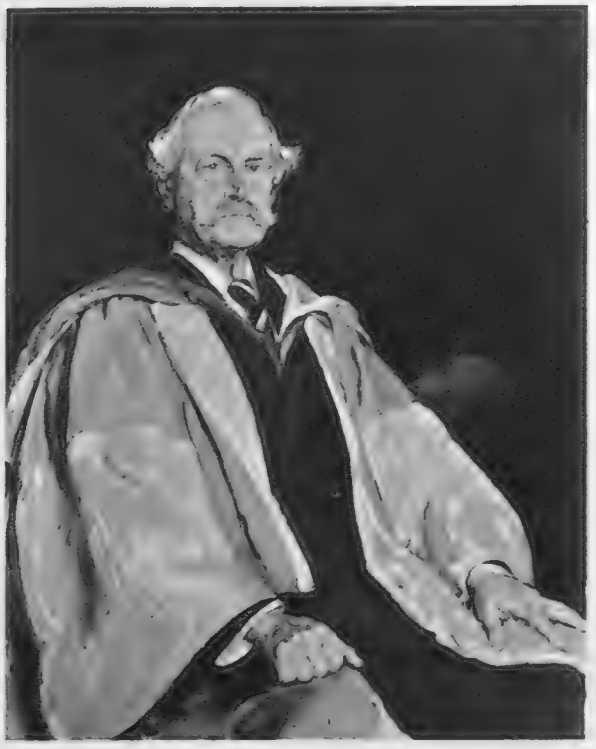
THE GREAT ST. GERMANS PUMPING STATION: An exterior view of the concrete building which was erected some three years ago at a cost of £224,000 in order to combat the Fen country's ever present flood menace

THE CORONATION YEAR ACADEMY

Male Portraiture *at the* SUMMER EXHIBITION *at* Burlington House



BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Mr. G. H. Nisbett, M. Eng., J.P., by Sir William Llewellyn, G.C.V.O.



"DR. PEMBERTON": A fine example of the portraiture of T. C. Dugdale; one of the latest of the Academy's Associates

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A.R.A. PAINTS A.R.A.: Harry Morley's portrait of James Woodford, the noted Hampstead sculptor

"SIR GEORGE HILL, K.C.B."

By James Gunn

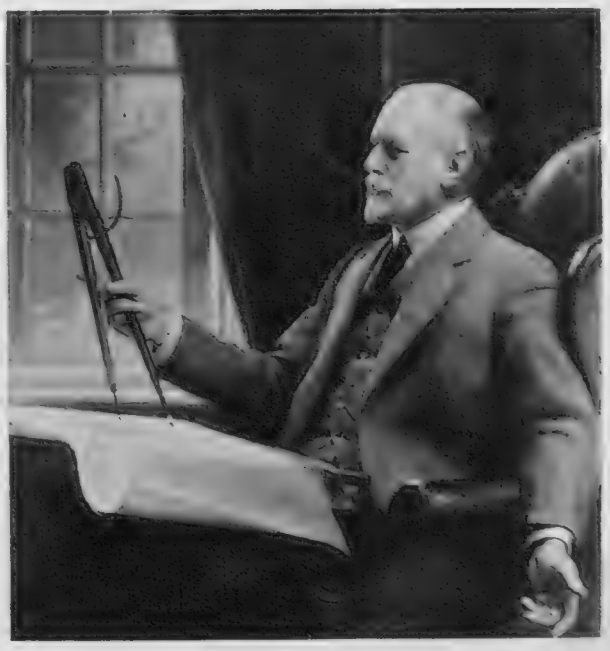
"DR. HAROLD DEARDEN": The well-known writer and pyschologist as depicted by Harold Knight, R.A.

"MR. BEVERLEY BOGERT"

By Simon Elwes

"BROTHER PETCH"

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



"INIGO THOMAS, ESQ."

By H. Harris Brown

THE CORONATION

Feminine Portraiture a Feature of the One Hundred

"MISS YVONNE ARNAUD"
By Thomas Dugdale, A.R.A.

"MISS CURIGWEN LEWIS IN THE PART OF JANE EYRE"
A striking canvas by Harold Knight, the new Royal Academician

On left—
"THE BRETON CAP"
By G. A. Pownall

On left—
"MRS. GERARD SIMPSON"
By Glyn W. Philpot, R.A.

"THE BAG"
By George Belcher, A.R.A.

YEAR ACADEMY

and Sixty-Ninth Summer Exhibition at Burlington House

"THE RED NECKLACE" BY SIR WALTER W. RUSSELL, R.A.
One of the portraits sent in by the Keeper of the Royal Academy

"MISS MERLE OBERON"
By Gerald Brockhurst, A.R.A.

On right—
"AMÉLIE": *By H. Dixon*

"THE BROKEN THREAD"
By L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.

On right—
"A GAME OF PATIENCE"
By Meredith Frampton, A.R.A.

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KANGRA *and* KULU:

A Veritable Sportsman's Paradise in the Far North of the Punjab on the Kashmir Borderland

A LAND OF RUGGED GRANDEUR: The valley of the Beas about six miles below the notorious Rohtang Pass, link between Chamba and Kangra in the northern Punjab. In winter the country is snow-bound, but in spring and summer the place is a veritable sportsman's paradise, the royal stag (bara singha), the chamois, the black and red bear, and several varieties of pheasant frequenting the district in large numbers

A MIRACLE may be wrought by the reek of a fire of garden rubbish and pine clippings. Thus, on a recent autumn afternoon, this reek conjured up a vivid picture. Fifty years ago a young officer, after three years' strenuous work in Baluchistan, obtained leave to Dalhousie in the Punjab, and in early October he might have been seen in shirt and shorts, tramping from Dalhousie down the steeps into the Chamba Valley en route to the shooting grounds of Bhadrawar, at the head waters of the Ravi and Chenab, two of the five Punjab rivers.

Miles away from civilisation he was scouring the hillsides for days after red and black bear and the bara singha, the Himalayan royal stag. Their haunts are shared by Koklas and Kalij pheasants, and above 9,000 ft. by the monal, which stalks majestically among the arbutus bushes and scanty pines, where the ground is flecked with frost and recent snow; but let the monal catch the slightest glimpse of you, and they are off, rising with a fearsome clatter and showing you their startling colours of dark blue and bronze, brown and white, as they sail gracefully over the tree-tops and away to another inviting spur, which would take you at least an hour to reach if you proposed to follow.

Physically speaking, it is a strenuous holiday—up at 3 a.m. and away soon after by the light of Venus and the paling stars, stumbling up or down hill, through patches of scrub and forest alternating with rocky, grass-grown slopes, very slippery in places, and therefore to be safely tackled only if shod with "chapplis" (grass shoes), made day by day by your shikari who knows where to get the necessary rice grass with which to weave them.

By 9 a.m. your morning's quest must end, and where you find yourself then, even if it be a bleak, wind-swept hillside, there you must remain till early afternoon, perfectly still, lest you disturb the game which will have withdrawn to cover where they can digest the morning feed and then sleep. At 3 p.m. they will be on the move again, so you must be up and after them, for if you have not killed outright with your first shot, you must pursue the wounded animal with all speed to ensure despatching it before 5.30 p.m. Darkness rushes down upon the hills and valleys, and to be benighted in unknown country bristling with pitfalls is far from enviable.

In country such as this, dawn is an unforgettable sight; as the stars pale and the light advances over the Eastern horizon, your eyes are riveted on a majestic line of dim snow-peaks which suddenly flush a delicate rose-pink here and there as one giant after another catches the first sun's rays. The lower slopes are grey and still wrapped in night, whilst here and there black gashes across the snow indicate gulleys and rude precipices. In a few minutes the whole snowy range stands out in sunshine, clear cut as a cameo against the lovely blue of the autumn sky and the hunter must hurry along, for the jungle cock and pheasants are challenging, whilst you may perchance hear the deep bell note of a royal stag as he, too, challenges. It is a sound to make your pulse beat faster, for you know your quarry is astir, and you and your shikari must track him and bring him down as your prize.

BY THE WATERS OF THE BEAS: A picturesque scene on the great river as it flows through the territory of Kulu near the town of Nagar. The stream in this region drops abruptly, falling nearly 10,000 ft. in the short distance of 40 miles

SCENE OF A MIGHTY TRAGEDY: All that now remains of a hill-town in Kangra territory which once boasted a fort, a number of temples, bazaars, and better class Indian residences, most of which were wiped out in the earthquake of 1905

Just south of the country above described and of similar character lies one of the northern districts of the Punjab, Kangra and Kulu. It is montane and sub-montane, in shape roughly like a skate without the tail, the head pointing north-west. On the west it is co-terminous with the civil districts of Gurdaspur and Hoshiarpur; to the south it runs with the independent States of Kahlur and Mandi; to the east lies Bashahr; to the north-east Rupshu, an outlying province of Chinese Tibet; while on the north its boundary runs with that of the Hill State of Chamba.

The total area of Kangra is 10,000 sq. miles, carrying a population of 900,000 people. A large proportion of the country is mountainous and often precipitous, but there are also a number of snugly enclosed fertile valleys into which the population naturally crowd.

The main range of the Western Himalayas with subsidiary branches occupies the north-eastern portion of this district and runs out into Chamba territory, this northern arm forming the watershed between the valleys of the Indus and the Sutlej; and curiously enough in this corner of India are the head waters of three of the five Punjab rivers, namely, the Chenab, the Ravi, and the Beas. Of course these rivers in their early reaches are little more than mountain torrents, but fed as they are from peaks running up to 20,000 ft. and more, the accessory tributaries rapidly swell the main streams, and ere long one finds the latter roaring through deep gorges and forming, at times, considerable islands in their course to the fertile plains of India.

S. L. Cra'ster

WAR in WAZIRISTAN: Scenes in the Tribal Territory of the N.W. Frontier where further clashes have occurred

IN THE GORGE OF THE SHAHUR TANGI: A column at the western entrance of the rocky defile at Splitoi, near Jandola, South Waziristan, where a fierce engagement took place recently between British-officered Indian troops and Mahsud tribesmen stirred to revolt by the notorious Fakir of Ipi who has been causing trouble on the North West Frontier ever since April of last year, ostensibly as a result of a religious controversy between Hindus and Muhammadans. The difficulty in restoring order in country such as this is easy to understand, as it affords every opportunity for the sniper to evade capture

FORBIDDING TERRAIN: A camel caravan passing along the Haidari Kach on the Jandola-Wana road, west of Splitoi. Another picture taken near the scene of the recent engagement between British-Indian and tribal forces, the latest of the series of actions in the tribal area of the North West Frontier. Our troops have given an excellent account of themselves in the fighting, and only a few days ago the announcement was made of several awards for conspicuous gallantry, two British officers receiving the Military Cross and a private receiving the Military Medal

THE WEEK-END IN LONDON: Huge Crowds at

SATURDAY IN THE PRECINCTS OF THE ABBEY: Interest in the preparations at the Abbey grows apace. The numbers grew on Saturday as the day passed, and on Sunday there was a constantly augmented throng gazing at the Royal Annexe which now boasts two big halberds in blue and gold, and at the feverish activity on the Westminster Hospital stand which is being constructed of heavy steel girdering

SUNDAY MORNING IN THE MALL: An overhead impression of the vast throng of early risers walking down the mile-long thoroughfare with its flanking stands and bannerless poles after witnessing the second rehearsal of the Coronation procession, a rather more elaborate affair than the try-out of the week before, giving a much clearer advance picture of the pageantry of May 12. *Right*—The Royal coach, drawn by the Windsor greys in their harness of scarlet and gold, and with outriders and postillions in livery, passing through Parliament Square at the start of the return journey

At a Second Sunday Rehearsal of the Coronation Procession

THE KING UNVEILS THE WINDSOR MEMORIAL

The Royal Borough's Tribute to the First Sovereign of the House of Windsor and its Site Beneath the Castle Walls

The scene after the unveiling by the King on St. George's Day of the memorial to his father which has been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., erected on a site below the Castle walls presented by Lord Wakefield, and paid for by contributions from the inhabitants of the Royal Borough and of the city of Windsor, Ontario. The ceremony, which was attended by many members of the Royal Family including the Queen, Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, started with a short dedication service conducted by the Dean of Windsor and then followed an address from the Mayor in his capacity of Chairman of the Memorial Committee. The King in the course of his reply said:—"To me personally the memory of my father will always bring the inspiration of a high example. I hope that in trying to fulfil our great responsibilities the Queen and I may be supported by some measure of that trust and affection which were so fully given to him and to my dear mother by the peoples of this country and of the Empire"

EVENING SHADOWS CREEP ACROSS THE SELLA PASS—STARTING POINT OF MANY A CLASSIC CLIMB

While the fast dying sun still illumines the rugged rock pinnacles, the meadowlands below take on the lovely sombre hues of fading day

Pictures by R. Hense

AS THE SUN RISES over the South Tyrolean Dolomites the night mist begins to drift from the deep-cut ravines. A view from the heights of Kleine Zinne

DAWN AND DUSK IN THE DOLOMITES

THE HIT OF THE EVENING: Dancing the can-can at the stage door of the old Empire. Marie Löhr, who is delighting audiences by her first excursion into the realm of revue, in one of the numbers of *And On We Go*, the new show at the Savoy

MARIE LÖHR IN "AND ON WE GO": Two more impressions of the star of this bright show at the Savoy. On the left she is depicted as she sings her comic song "Next time it's Southend for me." Miss Löhr has always specialised in comedy roles, but has never been seen to better advantage than in this revue

COCHRAN'S CORONATION CABARET: Some of the high lights of his new production, *Eve in the Park*, presented in the Trocadero Grill Room. *Left*—Joe Ortnes, who is making his London debut, giving one of his spectacular juggling and balancing displays. *Right*—Eve Thorne and Iris Lockwood, as a guardsman, wear dresses in a cleverly conceived colour scheme of red, white, and blue

On STAGE

NOT so long ago Miss June Knight was seen in a musical show at the Savoy Theatre accompanied by an admirable British comedian with a loudish voice and a longish nose. Miss Knight is back again at the Savoy in another musical show accompanied by another admirable British comedian with a loudish voice and a longish nose. It is called *And On We Go*, and though the quality of the material is not high and some of it rather low, it is on the whole a vastly better entertainment than its predecessor.

Certainly Miss Knight added to her popularity. She is a hard and honest worker—what is known in the profession as a good trooper (I have never known which way to spell it), and lest this should seem an unduly matter-of-fact and possibly derogatory way of describing her let me add that she also has a pleasing vivacity. She can dance nimbly and she can sing—quite well enough for a microphone to be dispensed with. This infernal device was placed before her for one song and it was the only time in the evening that there was more noise than that made by the noisiest band I have ever heard in any revue—a band which made those in the first rows of the stalls nigh unto the band's brassy section (three trumpets, trombone, and four saxophones) look like the puir timorous cowerin' beasties I have no doubt they felt.

Microphones should be reserved for the various useful purposes for which they are fitted—inaudible after-dinner speakers and the like. They should be barred from the stage altogether. If a singer has a good voice a microphone is not needed. If it is a bad voice the microphone makes it sound worse.

Miss Knight is first shown to us in the character of "Miss Universe," which might be embarrassing for her were her figure other than what it is. This is quickly followed by a jazzy number "Let's swing it."—Ginger Rogers stuff. Lots more stuff like it, some of it very loud, some of it not so loud, but all of it too loud.

A great revue "find" is Miss Marie Löhr. Why producers of revue have not found Miss Löhr before I do not know. She can undoubtedly now claim to have had an extraordinarily versatile stage career and her latest venture is a triumphant success, though sometimes a victory against heavy odds. I trust by this time a silly, unfunny, and rather doubtful song, "Next Time it's Southend for Me," has been eliminated. But females who work behind post-office counters should be taken at Government expense to see Miss Löhr demonstrate exactly how rude they can be—a funny sketch this. Her gay lady of the stage of thirty years ago is another gem.

Mr. David Hutcheson is a clown and a good clown and, at any rate in revue, should be allowed to be a clown and nothing else. His personality is not, if he will forgive my saying so, romantic, and amorous episodes with Miss Knight, to the accompaniment of sentimental music and false rhymes, fell rather flat. Mr. Charles Heslop displayed some good fooling in a golfing episode, and his *vieux marcheur*, a bit gone at the knees, is a brilliant little portrait.

Not, on the whole, a clever revue. But the clever company should pull it through.

"Post Road."—To live in a house on the post road between New York and Boston has its risks. One of them, it seems, is that a gang of gangsters, a covey of kidnappers, may seek shelter very much under false pretences. This happened to a tense elderly woman, (immaculately played by Miss Louise Hampton) and lots of other things happened too.

Post Road, at the Queen's Theatre, told exactly what did happen, and told it in a way which convinced New York (where the play had a long run) more than it convinced London. The story was not exciting enough for us.

That gangsters should in that elderly lady's boarding-house impersonate a chauffeur and a doctor while a gangstress impersonates an unmarried mother, all in order that the birth of a baby should be "staged" and the evidence against them of stealing a real baby, which they had done, concealed, is a novel idea for a play, or even a playful idea for a novel. But that baby was almost as much a snag as the slow pace at which the piece was acted. Since the atmosphere hovered, intentionally, between farce and drama, drama won, because—I need not plunge into a recent American *cause célèbre*, with which we are familiar in this country—a kidnapped baby in the hands of relentless crooks rules out, so far as I am concerned, all fun in any play.

It was on this account that *Post Road* dropped with a heavy thud between two stools and stayed there. It also proved yet again that although theatrical taste in London and New York may occasionally agree, more often it does not.

Mr. Percy Kilbride, an American comedian and obviously a good one, I would like to see in another play. He appeared as a sort of Strube "Little Man," who is fond of messing about with the wireless, and the humour of *Post Road* was largely left to his amusing-cum-pathetic personality. Since Mr. Kilbride had, through no fault of his own, spent much of his time waiting for laughs which did not come, the pathos was uppermost.

Opera again.—Covent Garden opened literally with a flourish of trumpets its grand, its very grand, Coronation season. The lovely old theatre is looking its best; all the boxes on the grand tier, which in "off" seasons make way for a dress circle, have been restored; and there is a new carpet, with an appropriate design of musical instruments, bar-lines, crotchets, and quavers.

On this carpet walked on the opening night—and will, I trust, continue to walk throughout the season, which is to be much longer than usual—persons of dazzling social eminence, if one can judge from the lists of them published on the following morning. My companion during one interval was a famous film-director, paying his first visit to opera. I asked him what he thought of that audience. "If I was producing a film with a scene like this in it" he replied, musing, "I would not engage one of 'em to walk on in the crowd."

and SCREEN

Marie Löhr, a Great Revue Find: Louise Hampton fails to save "Post Road": Sir Thomas Beecham in Form

By PHILIP PAGE

Which proves either the magnificent incorrectness of the film-world or the magnificent dowdiness of the social world. Or both.

"Otello."—Sir Thomas Beecham was in fine form with Verdi's luscious *Otello* which set the ball a-rolling, and secured, as far as concerned the orchestral and chorus work, about the best performance I have ever heard. Signor Martinelli, whom I remember at Covent Garden before the war in Wolf Ferrari's tuneful and undeservedly "shelved" opera, *The Jewels of the Madonna*, and who has not sung here since, appeared in the title-role. He is an artistic singer and his voice is of pleasant quality, but the part does not suit him: he is an Otellino rather than an Otello and never dominates the stage and frightens everybody as every Otello, in or out of opera, should. Signor Cesare Formichi, the Iago, rather put him in the shade.

The new Desdemona, Madame Ciana, is a big success—*le mot juste*.

"Ariane et Barbe Bleue."—Preliminary alarms and excursions in the way of an apologetic speech by Sir Thomas from the stage and a late and nose-bleeding prima donna put rather a damper on Paul Dukas's *Ariane et Barbe Bleue*, which hardly went with a swing. Not, of course, that this strange, dream-opera—out of the *Pelléas et Mélisande* stable—could, or should, ever go with a swing. But one's enjoyment of it should be unruffled and undisturbed, and the hour's delay before the curtain rose seemed to have put most people out of the right mood.

Ariane was written thirty years ago, and is frequently performed in most Continental opera houses. This, however, was the first performance in England and although it is quite likely to be seen again in subsequent seasons, I do not think it will ever be popular here. The music has exquisite moments and is scored by a masterhand; but its beauty is, perhaps, too subtle and Debussyish pastel-shades are apt to grow monotonous. Melodically it is weak, and the libretto is weaker still. Maurice Maeterlinck has done odd and fancifully poetic things with the old Blue Beard story (which no child would recognise in its present form); but he has not made an ideal operatic plot out of it, or anything like one. In fact, he has made it singularly dull.

The performance, conducted by M. Philippe Gaubert, who is so familiar a figure at the Paris Opera, the company of which had been engaged *en bloc*, was smooth, and Madame Germaine Lubin, the Ariane, showed no sign of her unfortunate indisposition. Her voice is powerful and of lovely quality and her gestures are the very poetry of motion.

"Don Pasquale."—Donizetti, of whom I wrote the other week, composed sixty-four operas in the course of a strenuous and not exceptionally long life. I cannot say that *Don Pasquale*, which has just been given a grand-season performance for the first time for thirty-two years, is the cheeriest of them, for out of that sixty-four I know only two—this and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But there are few operas which are so amusing to watch and have such genuinely witty music. I am amazed that it has been neglected for so long. A mediocre performance would have been as distasteful as flat champagne; fortunately in this case the wine sparkled well enough, and every member of the little cast—Signor di Lelio as the Don, Signor Borgioli, Signor Biasini, M. Dua, and Madame Favero, a new coloratura singer of brilliance—acted and sang flawlessly.

If more of Donizetti's operas are to be performed—I mean the really obscure ones—I vote for *Emilia di Liverpool*. I do not know a note of it. Is there anyone living who does? But the name would look amusing on Covent Garden's bills. Why should it be more amusing than, say, *The Meistersingers of Nuremberg* or *The Barber of Seville*? I only know that it is. Perhaps some indignant Liverpudlian will explain.

Forthcoming Productions.—A. A. Milne is breaking a long silence as a dramatist with a new play, *Sarah Simple*, which is being produced at Brighton before coming, on May 4, to the Garrick Theatre. It will succeed the Victorian extravaganza, *The Two Bouquets*, which finishes a successful London career of 300 performances next Saturday. . . . *Ladies and Gentlemen*, a new play by Norman Hunter, who wrote *All Rights Reserved*, is in rehearsal. Alban B. Limpus will present it at a West End theatre shortly. The cast includes Betty Stockfeld, Penelope Dudley Ward, Peter Coke, and Isabel Jeans. The producer is Harold French of *French Without Tears* fame. . . . Another impending new play is *No Sleep for the Wicked*, by the American novelist Delano Ames. After preliminary presentations in the suburbs it will also come to the West End. The cast includes Peter Haddon and Marie Burke.

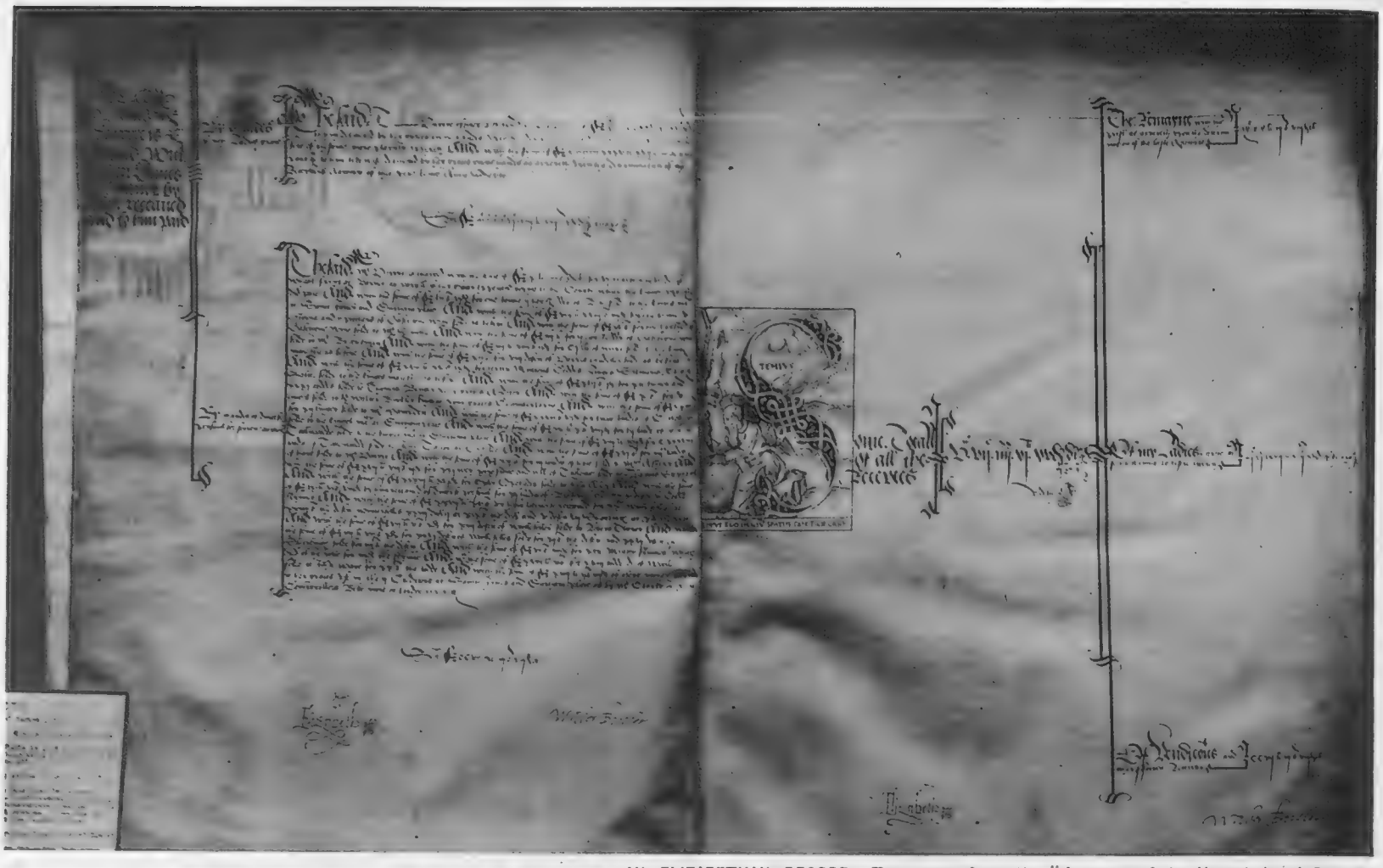
"ALL OUR SERVICE, IN EVERY POINT TWICE DONE AND THEN DONE DOUBLE, WERE POOR AND SINGLE BUSINESS AGAINST THOSE HONOURS DEEP AND BROAD YOUR MAJESTY LOADS OUR HOUSE": Lady Macbeth played by Charlotte Köhler, welcomes Duncan to the castle. A scene from Act 1 of *Macbeth* as given by the Amsterdam Municipal Theatre. English plays and films are extraordinarily popular in Holland at the moment

SHAVIAN COMEDY AS A DUTCH PICTURE: Liza (Lily Bouermeester) calls on the Professor (Eduard Verkade) who is going to tackle the problem of making a lady of her in six weeks. An episode from the screen version of Shaw's *Pygmalion*: a picture that is said to represent the high-water mark of Dutch film production

HOLLAND GOES BRITISH

"Macbeth," "Pygmalion," and "Dr. Clitterhouse" on stage and screen in Amsterdam

A THRILLER TRANSPLANTED: Dr. Clitterhouse (Paul Huf) hands Sir William Grant his book containing the notes of his experiments, while Chief-Inspector Charles of Scotland Yard waits impatiently to remove him. A picture taken in the Amsterdam City Theatre during a performance of Barré Lyndon's play, *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, which is now following up its London success in Holland



AN ELIZABETHAN RECORD: Two pages from the "Accompt of the Household of Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield"; a remarkable account book kept by the great Queen in the days when she lived in comparative obscurity in the country, only occasionally visiting her half-brother Edward VI at Court. Each page bears the signature of the Princess—a curious autograph with many elaborate flourishes—and of her Chamberlain, Sir Walter Buckler. The book is now on view at the Exhibition of Royal Treasures which is being held at 5, Great Stanhope Street, Park Lane, in aid of the funds of Westminster Hospital

Elizabeth at Old Hatfield

An Account Book and Other Items from the Royal Treasures Exhibition

ONE of the most interesting exhibits in the Loan Exhibition of Royal Treasures now to be seen at 5, Great Stanhope Street, brought together in aid of Westminster Hospital, is the beautifully kept account book of the household of the Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield. Sir Walter Buckler, the Princess's Chamberlain, had provided himself with a clerk of exquisite penmanship, one that indulged in artistic embellishments as the carefully executed initial letter on the page exhibited gives evidence. Each page of the thirty leaves of vellum, of which the book is composed, bears the signature of Elizabeth herself and that of Sir Walter Buckler.

During her early residence at Hatfield, Thomas Parry was Elizabeth's treasurer, and seems to have used his influence over the fifteen-year-old princess to his personal advantage, for subsequent examination proved that the books were incorrectly kept. The household expenses were far heavier than the royal allowance would permit and great economy would have to be practised. Parry was dismissed when Seymour was arrested for high treason, and for a time was in the Tower of London, accused of complicity. It must have been a year after this that Sir Walter Buckler, took control of the household books, and turned out the fine specimen which has been so fortunately preserved. Buckler was obviously a man of parts, having been a Fellow of Merton, and also of King's College, and having travelled abroad, visiting Paris and Venice. He remained Chamberlain to the Princess Elizabeth till 1553, the year her sister Mary became Queen, and Elizabeth herself was heir-presumptive

CHARLES I's CHRISTENING ROBES are the features of this room at the Royal Treasures Exhibition, at Great Stanhope Street, the house formerly owned by Clarence Hatry. Flanking the showcase is a chair of the Stuart period covered in a portion of the King's cloak

THE GREATEST OF THE CAVALIERS: Van Dyck's portrait of Prince Rupert, who fought for his uncle, Charles I, at Edgehill, Marston Moor, and Naseby, and, after the King's execution, commanded the Royalist fleet until most of his ships were destroyed by Blake off Malaga. *On right*—A throne dais and canopy probably made to receive Queen Elizabeth when she visited and knighted Sir Roger Wodehouse at Blickling in the year 1578

For any festive occasion, a delightful dress in a black novelty fabric, with a printed jabot and short sleeves that have appliqued printed cuffs. Over it is worn a waisted coat in a printed linen-weave fabric, gaily patterned with bright flowers on a white ground. The small hat is of supple black straw, with white lilac across the front and at the back a velvet band and bow. All three come from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W., who this year are celebrating their own centenary

CROWD CLOTHES

Some Public-Spirited Don'ts for Sightseers

THE people who really enjoy great public events are those who either naturally have, or early acquire, a cunning crowd technique. They are the people who study not only their own comfort, but that of those others among whom they find themselves.

There are, of course, thousands of hardy folk who set out to see a procession in the same spirit as sportsmen, tired of the softness of civilisation, lay their plans for a trek into unexplored and possibly dangerous country. Experience has taught them all that they need to know.

It is those other hundreds of thousands who have bought seats on the route to see the Coronation about whom we are thinking. It takes so little to spoil one's individual enjoyment of such

a day, but some slight forethought will usually prevent any disappointment.

First then, for your own sake, and for the sake of everybody else, do wear a small hat. It can be as gay as you please. Indeed, it would be dreadful if it were not. But it should be light and not inclined to slip out of place, and if possible it should not have any brim. Which means that you will be wise to take dark glasses with you, for nothing is more tiring or more unbecoming than squinting for hours in the sun. And we must all hope that there will be lots

of sun, even if, wisely, we do carry a feather-weight oiled silk cape or coat lest it should rain. By the same token you will probably be much happier if you don't wear a veil, for though ordinarily one is not conscious of them, one might be if one sat all day in a bright light.

DO wear shoes that are thoroughly comfortable. Nobody is really going to look at your feet, but you are almost certain to have to walk quite a long way to your stand, and you are equally practically certain to lose your shoe for ever if you should slip it off. Unless you are quite sure that you can reach your destination with the greatest ease you will be more comfortable if you wear shoes that are not too light.

Then there is the question of a handbag. If you are unscrupulous you can just carry a vanity case and get your escort to put all your other bits and pieces in his pockets. But if you have a conscience you'll manage to be self-sufficient. Carry a bag that has a handle, so that you can grip it firmly. Avoid one that has any sort of complicated fastening, but equally be sure that it shuts closely. Carry in it as little as possible, and don't put in it any more money than you are going to need. A tiny flask of eau-de-cologne is not a luxury, and you will probably be very glad of it before the day is through. For the rest, carry as little other paraphernalia as you can. It is amazing what you accumulate even when you start out empty-handed.

LASTLY, give a thought to your complexion and spare a little extra time for your make-up. It is far better to begin well than to constantly powder your neighbours as well as yourself.

You probably have very definite ideas about this. If, usually, you like to look sophisticated and smooth and cool a really sound foundation is your best hope. Elizabeth Arden does a Screen and Stage Foundation that gives an absolutely matt finish and will keep perfect for many hours. You can apply it yourself if you have a little patience, and if you add a faint touch of rouge and lipstick, and then use two powders—first Ardena in a light tone, and afterwards Japonica in a deeper colour—you will look as fresh at midnight as you did at dawn.

IF your skin is very young you will do well to use practically no make-up, except for colouring. Bathe your face with a cold, mild astringent when you dress in the morning, then powder it lightly. The great thing is to avoid applying a vanishing cream or any foundation that will get heavy and clog the pores.

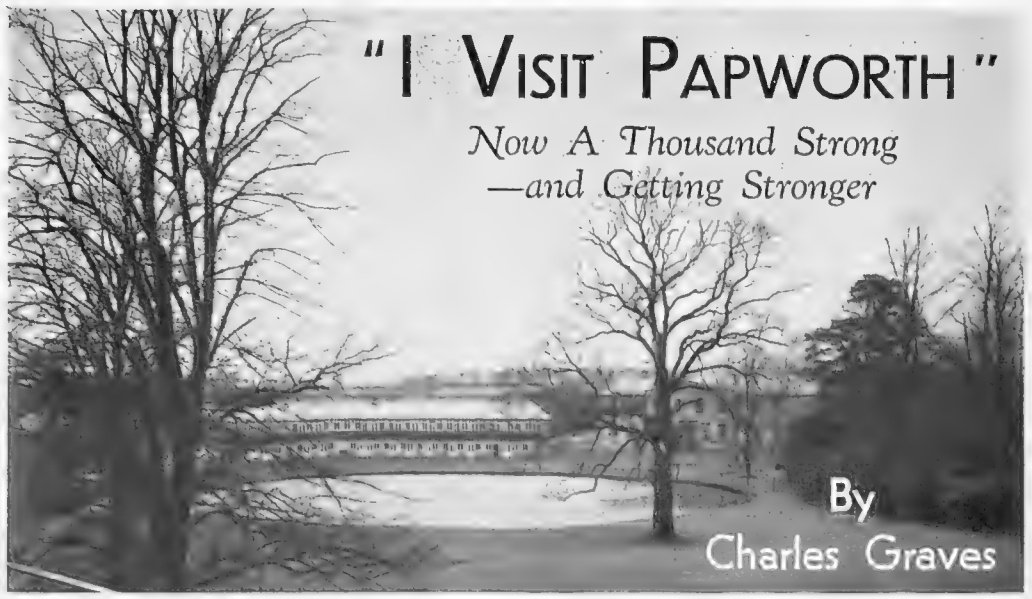
As for the clothes you will wear—see that they are loose enough to be comfortable and bright enough to help to make the streets look gay. A fairly warm dress and a light coat, or vice versa, is an excellent plan, since even Kings cannot command the weather. A suit, pastel coloured or with a gay contrasting jacket, is practical. And to carry an air-cushion might be quite a sound idea since stands are not too well padded.

SHE WORKS THE GUILLOTINE: A resident at Papworth tuberculosis colony operating a cutting machine in the printing department where Coronation brochures are now being turned out

"I VISIT PAPWORTH"

Now A Thousand Strong —and Getting Stronger

By Charles Graves



THE COLONY'S SYLVAN SETTING: A general view of the beautiful grounds showing the women's hospital in the background

UNTIL I visited Papworth last week I had thought erroneously that it was a disabled ex-service men's institution. On inspection it turns out to be an admirably organised place where over 1,000 people who suffer from tuberculosis or—in the case of children, whose parents suffer from it—live, work, and have a comfortable being. Papworth is a few miles from Cambridge, the Hall having once belonged to that eminent financier, Terah Hooley. The seal of its efficiency was set on it by the patronage of the King and Queen and Queen Mary, with the Duke of Kent as President. It has six main objects. It provides treatment for the physical condition of consumptives, training in a variety of trades, permanent employment under ideal conditions, living accommodation in model cottages and hostels, and constant medical supervision. Sixthly, it has a brilliantly organised research laboratory.

It was just before the war that the County Medical Officer, anxious that the new dispensary should be kept going, persuaded Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones, then a research student at Cambridge, to lend a hand. Dr. Varrier-Jones was investigating tuberculosis germs in milk, and was extremely reluctant. Grudgingly he agreed to take over for a few weeks. He has been the director ever since.

The first case was a man with a wife and year-old baby. The patient had lung trouble and also an abscess, and no sanatorium would accept him in view of the "complications." A County Council shelter was borrowed and he lived in a chalet in a garden in Little Alington. The panel looked after him. Everything went well. He was soon joined by a Belgian refugee named de Reuter, and within a year there were six chalets occupied by consumptives. A retired nurse took charge of them at the village of Bourne, but after a year she resigned and Miss Borne, now the matron of Papworth, took over. In a short time the number of patients increased to seventeen although the institution was not recognised by the Ministry of Health. Miss Borne, however, proved herself to be a very shrewd organiser, and at the end of a year there was £11 in hand, largely because she had made the jam (blackberry) herself. An increased demand for beds resulted in an appeal being made among Cambridge residents, and a sum of £200 a year was raised. The mother of J. M. Keynes, the economist, was one of the first subscribers to "The Cambridge Tuberculosis Colony" as it was called.

Then one Saturday a stranger arrived and spoke to the Matron. He asked her if she was treated well, adding "If you have any trouble, let me know." He handed her his card. He was Sir Robert Morant, then chief secretary of the Local Government Board. It was Sir Robert who secured recognition for what is now Papworth. It was Sir Robert also who arranged that the patients should be able to draw the panel money and still work. That was later, however. In the meantime the patients were given graduated exercises of an entirely purposeless character. They had to carry baskets of fir cones and other graduated weights to and fro.

Whereupon it occurred to Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones that something useful might be done by the patients. This was not so easy as it seems.

IN THE WOODWORKING SHOP where furniture is made on a mass-production basis to keep pace with Papworth's many large orders, some of which are obtained in open competition with the London and High Wycombe manufacturers

MAKING CHAIRS FOR THE ADMIRALTY: A scene in the upholstery shop. Only those patients who have shown a big improvement in health are allowed to do regular work of this nature

Pictures by William Davis

HAND-SEWING In the leather goods department, where high quality trunks and suit cases are made

"Light" work in the open air is nearly always heavy work, and it would obviously be undesirable for the women patients to wheel other people's babies. It was evident, therefore, that some industry or industries would have to be inaugurated. The assistance of various friendly societies in Cambridge was invoked, with the result that the colony—as it was still called—at Bourne was rapidly outgrowing itself. The problem was where to go. It was soon learnt that Papworth Hall had been empty for eight years. The owners, however, wanted £5,000 for it. There was also said to be a curse on the place. Greatly daring, Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones wrote to Sir Ernest Cassel and secured £5,000 from him. Within a few days the nurses took up their beds and walked the patients almost literally six miles to Papworth. They were accompanied by a blind pony and a peacock. That was away back in February, 1918.

Papworth Hall had one bath, no electricity, and a water supply that the Ministry of Health would not pass. All these obstacles were overcome; a new floor was built; extra baths were put in, and when Queen Mary and the Princess Royal visited Papworth a few months later one workshop and three wards were already in running order. Queen Mary gave a cheque for £1,000 that day.

To-day the Colony numbers over 1,000. Of these, 211 are permanently employed. Other statistics show that there are 439 patients under treatment, 120 families in the village, 50 spinsters, and 100 bachelors. There is an average of one death a week and a departure of 200 patients a year, thus providing room for 250 applicants every year. Or perhaps not quite 250, for in the past fourteen years more than 80 babies have been born at Papworth. Of these not a single one shows any tuberculosis trait—a figure which is a matter of the greatest possible interest to the medical profession. The suggestion is that the immunity of the babies is due to the fact that their parents have become slowly acclimatised to their new surroundings and that re-infection is exceedingly rare.

In the Colony there are Church of England parsons, newspaper sub-editors, commercial travellers, school teachers, sailors, soldiers, clerks, lawyers, and members of almost every trade. Efforts have been made to suppress cigarette smoking, but they have proved abortive except during working hours.

There is a public house in the village where it is possible to secure liquor. Drink is not supposed to be particularly good for consumptives—that is to say, in large quantities. But members of the community are as a general rule sufficiently serious-minded not to overstep the limits of common sense.

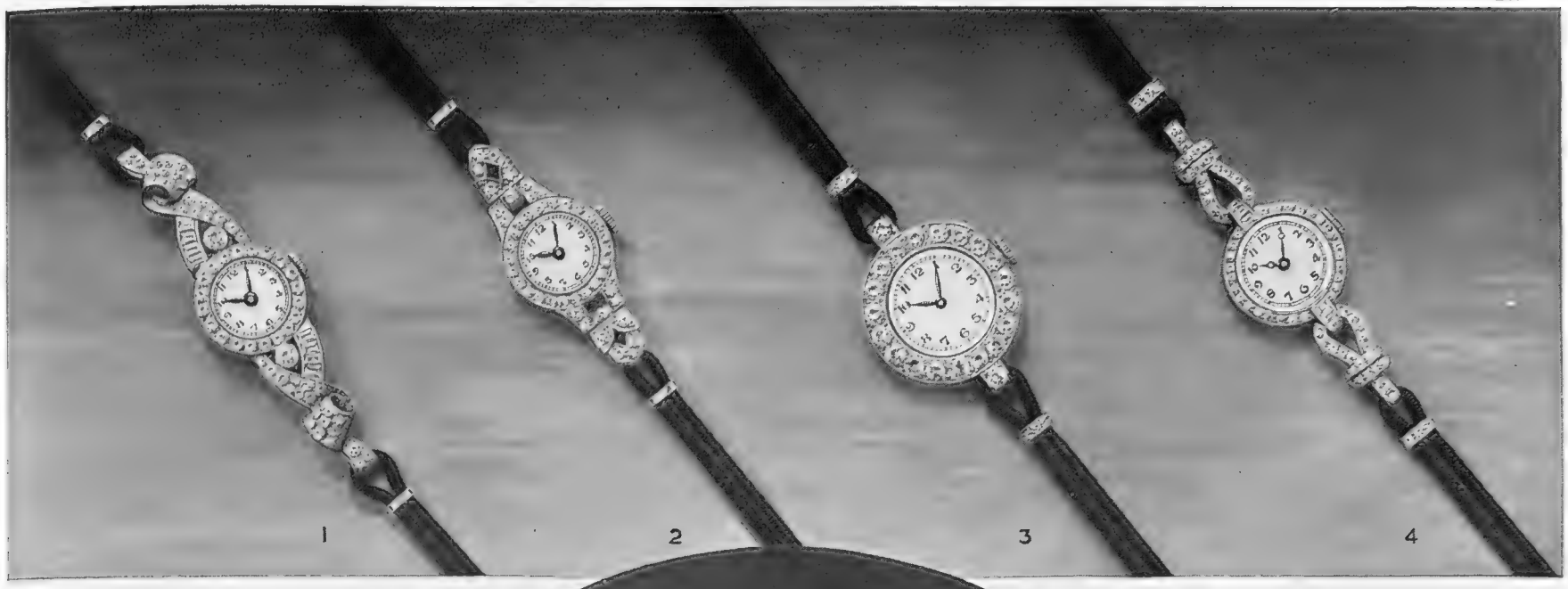
The workshops are exceedingly successful. Their turnover last year amounting to £108,000, the chief departments being upholstery, carpentry, leather goods, and cabinet making. Certain offices in Whitehall give direct contracts to Papworth, but the employees there are sufficiently good to enable a number of contracts to be secured in open competition, despite the fact that much of the work is sub-standard labour. Thus, the contract for a large number of new desks at Eton College was secured by Papworth. So, too, have been a number of orders for chairs and other furniture put out to tender by various County Councils.

It is interesting to learn that each of these main departments at Papworth has been built up around individual tradesmen, themselves patients. There is even a blue print and draughtsmanship section.

In the upholstery building I found men working on chairs ordered by the Admiralty; in the printing department they were doing brochures for the Coronation. It is interesting at this point to note that printers and waiters are most liable to consumption; Jews have the greatest degree of immunity probably on account of the fact of their forebears' unhealthy lives in ghettos. The Irish by contrast are most liable to T.B., coming of so agricultural a stock.

The position to-day, really, is this: a workman is told by his doctor that he has consumption and must receive treatment in a sanatorium. If he goes to a sanatorium for three months and is discharged as partially cured he is told to get light work. This is difficult to

(Continued on page 210)



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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"Thames Portrait" has Grace and Wit

BIOGRAPHER OF PENOLOGY'S PIONEER: Mrs. Janet Payne Whitney whose life of Elizabeth Fry, the Quaker heroine who almost single-handed reformed the bestial conditions among the women prisoners in Newgate, has just been published by Harrap's. Mrs. Whitney comes of a well-known Quaker family

"STUBBS AT FIFTY" is the engaging title of Guy Pocock's new novel—an epitome of frustrated middle age—which has as its semi-humorous, semi-tragic theme the adventures of a schoolmaster who retires at fifty and tries to catch up with the hustling, modern world around him. Dent's are the publishers

By VERNON FANE

MISS E. Arnot Robertson has a theory that authors choose their profession on the singular ground that they have had from childhood just that extra fraction of acute hearing which makes it possible to overhear conversations intended to be private. From such snatches to becoming professional eavesdroppers, "all authors, of course, are mainly that," is only a short step. Having long hearing has decided their lives. "Otherwise," as Miss Arnot Robertson says, "we should have become something else."

Miss Arnot Robertson might have become a professional bird-watcher, if such people exist, thereby proving her claim to long sight as well. She might have written, and for all I know still intends to write, witty dialogue for films or plays. She might have formed half the perfect crew of a Thames barge. Her talents are particularly varied and unexpected. As it is, and for the purpose of THAMES PORTRAIT (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 15s.), she prefers to describe herself as an author, and as such acquits herself brilliantly.

Miss Arnot Robertson, with her husband, Mr. Henry Turner, undertook last summer to travel down the Thames from its source, or as near as they could come to it, to the estuary and the sea. In a boat, which the unkind likened to an ice-cream barrow, they progressed slowly and observantly, armed with Mr. Turner's gem of a camera and Miss Arnot Robertson's stimulating, pugnacious wit.

They visited riverside pubs, (why are writers so much luckier with pubs than readers?) hatched out moorhen's eggs, trespassed with nonchalance, and nearly got drowned in Limehouse Reach. Mr. Turner's gem of a camera is responsible for an important part of the book's attraction; his photographs are really remarkable. They are so good that in a curious kind of way they lead one to expect dull letterpress, a collection of superb photographs being so often badly served in this way.

It is very far from being dull reading, as anyone who has read *Ordinary Families* might expect. Miss Arnot Robertson is exquisitely perceptive, and can convey a scene, or a conversation, or an atmosphere inimitably. And of course, she has Mr. Turner to illustrate her words, and to provide Canalettos to order, in his pictures of Blackfriars and Strand-on-the-Green; and the essence of an English summer day in a photograph of Abingdon bridge.

The anecdotes in this book are endlessly quotable, from the gentleman in "The Town of Ramsgate" who was "discussing the possibility ('Not the *actual* beast, mind you, 'Arold. Of course I don't hold with that; but just something *scientifically* like it') of a unicorn," to the elderly bargehand who had an infallible method for shoo-ing small boys off the wharfside boats. "Was you 'ere yesterday?" he would yell at them in a terrific voice from the balcony of "The Prospect of Whitby." "No," they said at once. "Well then, you can't come 'ere to-day."

If their answer was that they *had* been there yesterday, he would yell, "Then you certainly can't come 'ere to-day. Logical that's what children are. Always get 'em by logic." When it was protested that this was hardly logic, he was still unperturbed. "No, but it's logical the way children are, see?"

Good strong prejudices are meat and drink to Miss Arnot Robertson. One may protest, but one can hardly fail to enjoy the way in which she puts her case. An opinion is stated and the reader is left to object or to endorse it without so much as a backward glance from the author. "It is very difficult," for instance, "when writing of the Thames to keep the Romans from coming in all the time. I so dislike them—with their dreary, ant-like virtues and unredeeming vices." A notoriously controversial subject is disposed of further on in one crisp sentence. "I have never been in Oxford," writes this fearless lady, "without thinking how much I am going to enjoy staying at Cambridge soon again."

You will enjoy *Thames Portrait*, it has both grace and wit.

When the Oxford University Liberal Club wrote inviting Mr. Jack Jones to speak he thought it was a mistake and wrote to the "chap at Magdalen College to ask him if he was sure that I was the man he wanted. Me, the Welsh Jack Jones, not the Irish Jack Jones who was in Parliament." There was no mistake and to Oxford for three pleasant days he went, to speak on Wales and on the Welsh mining problem with which he, his family, and all his friends were most vitally concerned. Jack Jones, prospective Liberal candidate as he then was for Neath, and in his own opinion "an open-mouthed, big-mouthed, street-corner politician."

UNFINISHED JOURNEY (Hamish Hamilton. 10s.6d.) is the autobiography of this Jack Jones, a rebel from the Labour party, an erstwhile member of the Liberal party, (the foreword by Mr. Lloyd George speaks enthusiastically of his fellow-countryman), and at one time a campaigner for Sir Oswald Mosley's New party. In all this, a fairly varied career by any lights, two factors have remained constant, the strong bond of affection that unites him to his family, and the sincerity of his feeling for the Welsh miners, his own people.

Here is a man who has tried many trades in his time; actor, salesman, navvy, and impresario. For some years he was in the army, in France and earlier in South Africa. He has written a play, two novels, broadcast, and tried to sell encyclopædias and electric lamps. The alternative which he has had to face for many years, has been the dole. Still, "I've never died a winter yet," and there was a life-story to be written.

Long as it is, I would have liked more, more about Jack Jones himself and the processes of his development from a young boy working on the pit face to the man who could always "hold them" with his eloquence, and who, at sixty-one, is fighting as hard as ever. Characteristically he has raced through the tedious business of self-explanation, and devoted the best passages to the slums of Merthyr Tydfil and the iniquities of mining conditions. The portraits of the miners' wives and mothers really live; those, and the tantalising promise of what he might yet have told us about himself, are the things which make this book memorable.

Autobiography of a Rebel from Labour's Ranks

HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE-WINNER WEDS: The scene at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, during the marriage of Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Miss Laura Herbert, younger daughter of the Hon. Aubrey Herbert. Mr. Waugh has in the years since the publication of his first book, *Decline and Fall*, built up a formidable reputation for himself, and it was a just reward for his labours when in 1936 he won the Hawthornden with his *Edmund Campion*—a life of the Jesuit martyr

A big hotel, a ship, an island—any of these restricted communities are apt to be meat to the novelist, who finds in them a ready-made, formal pattern, in which all the ingenuity is to be expended on the embroidery. The formula is as foolproof as one can rationally expect, and the author can choose the one he prefers and play with it as his powers of invention dictate. Sometimes the powers of invention are uncommunicative, and the ready-made pattern is left looking bare and a little self-conscious. That can be described as a poor show, or alternatively as an uninspired novel.

In NIGHT OF STARS (John Murray. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Charles Douie has chosen the ship formula and made a good story of it. The ship formula, be it said without malice, is more likely to succeed than the others because of the dramatic possibilities which the sea suggests to the most sea-sick of us. However, Mr. Douie would probably have succeeded in just the same measure with the hotel recipe because, *mirabile dictu*, he can write and write both lucidly and with balance.

His characters, a brusque sea captain, a brooding neurotic, a handsome, haunted colonel and his lovely daughter, a couple of bridge-playing bores (female) and a bridge-playing snob (male), caricatures of an earnest young man and a woman pedagogue are all credible and, for the space of the book's action, interesting. They are not creations in the sense that they die as the covers of the book are closed, but they fulfil Mr. Douie's purpose admirably, which I imagine is to provide entertainment of an intelligently frivolous kind.

If I have a fault to find it is that the S.S. *Manihiki*, a large trans-Pacific liner, should seem to carry so few passengers.

A study of kings and kingship, the case for the monarchy in terms of modern history is the subject matter of Mr. Geoffrey Dennis' CORONATION COMMENTARY (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). Not since Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* has so illuminating and so penetrating a study of the whole theory and business of monarchy been made in such forthright terms. It is obvious that most of this book was written before the British throne was shaken by the events at the end of last year; and it is evident that the chapter on the abdication of King Edward VIII was written practically as a postscript to the work as a whole.

Probably no one will be more surprised than the author to learn of the stir caused in certain quarters by his very downright treatment of this piece of near history. In it he balances the case for and against the ex-King, skilfully skating over the thin ice of controversy, but seldom mincing any words. The most interesting chapter, however, is the last one, which sums up not only what has gone before but this pregnant postscript.

Scholars have welcomed and will welcome this book as an objective contribution to a study of a problem which will be valuable long after the more acute stages of that problem have disappeared. The general reader will find in it something which will provoke thought and perhaps some pride in an institution, the solidarity of which in the past few months has been so remarkably demonstrated.

THIS SHINING WOMAN, MARY WOOLSTONECRAFT GODWIN, 1759—1797 by George R. Preedy (Collins. 12s. 6d. net) is not only one of the most interesting biographies of the first of the militant feminists, but it is written with a shrewd insight and a sympathy which only so distinguished a woman writer could bring to the subject. Mary Woolstonecraft was brought up in an environment calculated to stimulate her latent instincts to battle. Her father was a drunkard who squandered the family resources to such an extent as to bring misery upon them all—a revolting creature, of whom she went in terror. In her early twenties she went into

(*Continued on page 210*)

This England . . .

"Old Harry"—near Swanage

IN little ships upon great waters Drake and his kind learnt their seamanship; and still do tiny English tramps go *"coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again"* in order that the tides of our business may flow smoothly. Tradition rules the Merchant Marine as in all things the English do well, even to the brewing of their beer. A tradition older than Drake indeed, governs the brewing of your Worthington, a beer favoured by merchant and mariner alike.

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BRITAIN'S NAVAL RE-ARMAMENT

(Continued from page 189)

At the present time our cruiser programme is divided between the "Town" class, (9,000 tons, 32 knots, twelve 6-inch guns) and the "Dido" class of about 5,000 tons armed with six-inchers. The "Dido" would appear to be a development of the *Arethusa* type of which only the last unit remains to be completed. Nine of the "Town" class are building or have just been completed, while of the smaller type there are six under construction and two authorised. In addition there are five of a new class of 8,000-ton ships authorised, although no details have been released concerning them.

The destroyer is now the Navy's maid-of-all-work which is specially important on account of the rapid increase in the submarine fleets of several European navies. It had been hoped to use many of the older destroyers, built during the war, for the less exacting duty of protecting commerce in war time. And the Escalator clause of the disarmament Treaty was put into force to retain them, but the Mediterranean crisis at the time of the Abyssinian war proved that most of them were completely worn-out and useless, so that the destroyer programme had to be made bigger than it would be otherwise. Eight of the "I" class and their leader are now either completed or nearly so, but in the ships of the "J" class, of which no fewer than thirty-two are building or projected, the displacement has had to be increased by about 300 tons to 1,650 and the speed to 36 knots, while there are sixteen special "Tribal" class destroyers of no less than 1,850 tons building.

It is obvious that this re-armament programme, postponed until the very last moment in the hopes of international agreement, cannot be carried out without a very large expenditure, not only on the construction of the ships themselves and their equipment but also in keeping them in a seaworthy condition when they are commissioned. Many of the increased costs of the shipbuilding industry, which have sent up the price of merchant ships by about 33 per cent. in the course of a few months, also affect the Admiralty as a matter of course, but very shrewd buying of the option on large quantities of material, and careful preparation on every point that it was possible to foresee, have greatly reduced the bill to the taxpayer, and the officers and officials who have worked so hard in the Admiralty have certainly merited gratitude.

The taxpayer should also remember that, of the large sums laid out in new ships, practically 85 per cent. goes in wages from first to last, and that these wages are distributed all over the country. For the construction of even the smallest man-of-war demands a host of sub-contracts.

Frank C. Bowen

"I VISIT PAPWORTH"

(Continued from page 206)

secure and almost inevitably results in a breakdown in health, during the course of which the unfortunate fellow has infected a number of other people before he ends up on the rates.

If, however, he goes to Papworth he is given the best possible medical attention, and at the end of a period ranging between a few months to as much as three or four years he is allowed to work in the department which suits him best. He begins for perhaps two or three hours a day ultimately working up to six hours and even eight hours a day. To be fully employed a man or woman has to be able to do a six-day shift. For this he receives normal Trade Union rates if he was a skilled tradesman before he came to Papworth. If he has to be taught his job he gets a minimum of 1s. an hour.

During the course of his or her improvement in health, permitting of extra work, the employee leaves the hospital ward, proceeds by way of a one-roomed chalet to a hostel, and ultimately, if so desired to a cottage. The cottages are excellently constructed although their rent is only 8s. 6d. a week. This makes it possible for a man or woman to send for their family to join them and even to support them in comparative comfort.

Consumptives are naturally obliged to have a great deal of nutrition. Many a family of four persons consumes as much as 4 lb. of butter a week.

If you go to Papworth you will notice a strong contrast between the newcomers and the others. The newcomers even in the workshops (who have therefore improved in health immensely) still look pale and wan. The others have notably rosy cheeks. The tragedy of it all is the high percentage of people at Papworth who are under thirty-five. Most of them look—and probably are—in their early twenties.

Last week the Duke of Kent announced that another £100,000 had been raised for Papworth. That is good news, but it is by no means enough. There is a long waiting list of men and women anxious to be admitted; 33,000 people die every year of consumption in Great Britain. Of these about 800 are nurses. It is therefore fine to know that the latest project at Papworth is the completion of a special building for nurses who have got T.B. in the course of their duties.

HONOUR FOR "SPHERE" WAR CORRESPONDENT

Madame Edith de Bonneuil, pictured here with Italian air force officers in Abyssinia, has just been awarded the Croce di Guerra by the Italians in recognition of her work as a correspondent during the Italo-Ethiopian war. Madame de Bonneuil, who contributed a number of articles and pictures to "The Sphere" in the course of the campaign, saw the war from start to finish, going out to Africa in October 1935 and in the following spring entering Addis Ababa with Badoglio

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

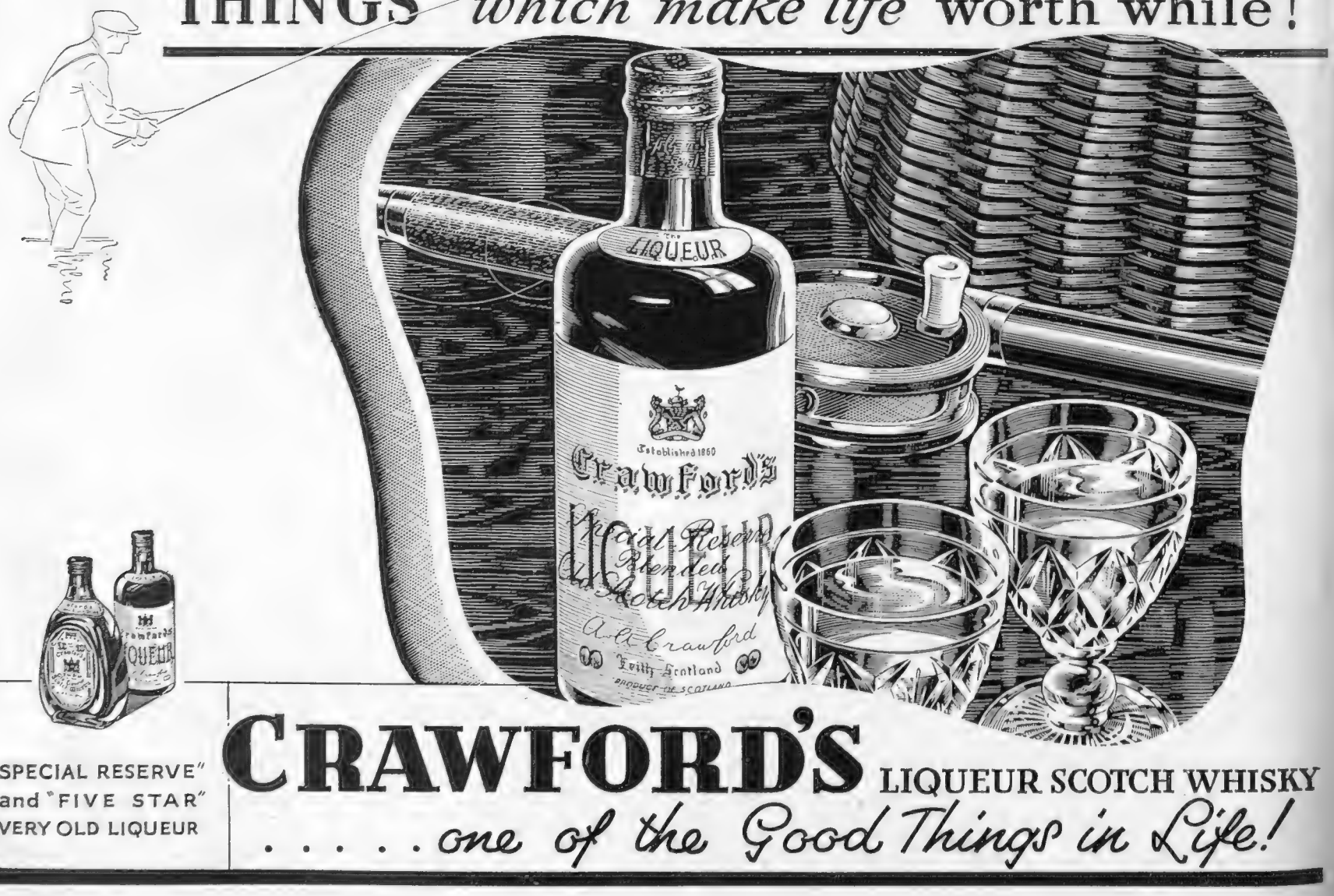
(Cont. from p. 208)

genteel service as a companion-help to a horrible old woman who treated her no better than one of the other servants in the house, and that was very hard.

On the death of her mother she returned home to try and grapple with the household and the lives of her brothers and sisters, having to eke out a living at the same time as a sempstress and part-time governess, as well as working as a reader and translator to a London bookseller. Her family brought her many trials and tribulations, particularly her brothers; and it is small wonder that her experience of men should have inspired in her a bitter contempt for the sex.

The violence of her pamphlet brought execration and violence upon her head in return. She was described as "a termagant, a virago, an unsexed female." As Mr. Preedy develops the story, we find that she was nothing of the kind, but an extremely sensitive, and in some ways gentle, woman, always seeking eagerly for the beauty which had been denied to her in her life.

Like most of this author's work, this book is extremely readable, and a story which holds our attention from the first page to the last.



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Sir Malcolm Campbell in "The Field."

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Hon. Brian Lewis in the "News Chronicle."

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Earl of Cottenham in the "Sunday Pictorial."

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REX—KING OF THE MUSTANGS: A superb specimen of a semi-wild horse, numbers of which still roam across Arizona's Painted Desert. The desert-bred horses, small and compact in appearance, are considered the finest in the world for "riding after cattle"

Horse-breeding has practically disappeared from the United States as a major industry, according to John Mullins who still breeds horses on the Arizona border. Mullins has managed seven annual rodeos at Madison Square Garden, New York City, and rodeos at the Philadelphia sesquicentennial exposition, and in Calgary, Canada. He purchased horses for the U.S. Government during the war.

Horses are still bred in Arizona, New Mexico, and West Texas, Mullins says, because the desert-bred horses are the best for "riding after cattle." They are small and small-boned, not long-winded, but they have "cow-sense." Anyone who has seen a "cutting horse" perform will believe this. A cutting horse is a horse used to ride into the midst of a herd of cattle and cut out the steers that are wanted for shipment. Such a horse will use both its teeth and its body to force the desired steers out of the general herd, and seems to know precisely what steers are wanted.

Fences have changed horse-breeding in Arizona, just as they have changed the whole south-west. Fences mean that fewer horses are needed to ride after cattle, so fewer horses are bred. Fences also mean that stallions are pent up and fed and that mares are brought to cribs for breeding.

The end of the war brought the great blow to the American horse industry. Ranchers were caught with thousands of horses on their hands, and with Government contracts at an end. They unloaded horses on the markets in Louisiana, North Carolina, and South Carolina, with the result that these sections now have many good horses, and are not in the market for more.

The glutted market led to the development of packing houses for the canning of horse-meat for human consumption, and its preparation for dog food and fertiliser. The three outstanding plants of this kind are in Butte, Montana; Rockford, Illinois; and Petaluma, California. Horses sold for this purpose bring only from 5 dollars to 7 dollars a head, and have brought as low as 65 cents per 100 lb. A 1,300-lb. horse will yield only about 12 lb. of meat fit for human consumption. The three plants mentioned above have been killing about 4,000 horses a week for a number of years.

CORRALING MUSTANGS: Cowboys at work in the Painted Desert of Arizona. A big concourse of semi-wild horses being driven within a stockade for branding

DOWN ON THE FARM: The ploughmen take their mid-day meal while the team dip gratefully into their nosebags

OWING TO THE HEAVY RAINS of the past month or so the first sowings of wheat and oats have in some parts of the country proved unsuccessful, the seed rotting away. This farmer near Shoreham, Kent, has re-tilled the ground and is seen making a second drilling

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CORONATION

NUMBERS OF

THE SPHERE

CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBER ON SALE MAY 8—TWO SHILLINGS

"Heralding the Coronation" is the note of the issue of The "SPHERE" immediately preceding the great week. The cover which shows a gay herald on a spirited horse reflects this note. There is a wealth of colour illustrations dealing with the ceremony both as regards this year's function and in the past. In fact, the reader will be prepared by a perusal of this issue with all necessary knowledge of the Coronation, thereby making the festivities of the following week all the more interesting.

CORONATION RECORD NUMBER ON SALE MAY 15—TWO SHILLINGS

The Coronation issue will contain all possible actualities of the great ceremony in the Abbey and the scenes during the drive, when the crowned King and Queen are seen by a multitude of spectators. Beautifully produced pictures in colour will tell the story of outstanding incidents of the celebration; for both this section and the black and white record some of the best artists of the day have been enrolled. Camera pictures of the procedure in the Abbey itself will be a remarkable feature and no scene en route between Palace and Abbey will go unrecorded.

The demand for the Coronation Numbers of The Sphere is likely to be exceedingly heavy, and for production reasons there is a risk of disappointment unless ordered beforehand. To make sure of your copies, you are advised to place an order now with your regular bookstall or newsagent.

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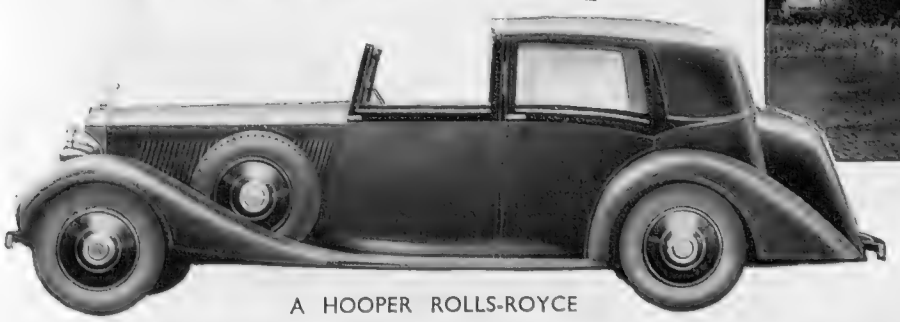

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A CORONATION TIARA AND ITS £50,000 DIAMOND

BROMYARD'S ANCIENT STANDARD BUSHEL MEASURE

HERE *and* THERE

On left—*This wonderful diamond tiara has been designed by Captain William Ogden, of King Street, St. James's Square, and has been ordered by a peeress who will wear it at the Coronation. In the centre is a £50,000 diamond of 50 carats, once the property of a Maharaja, which has been re-cut to modern shape*

On left—*This ancient standard measure has recently been presented to BROMYARD Church Herefordshire. The measure is made of bell metal and inscribed "THE BROMYARD BUSHELL BY ACT OF PARL. 1670. HERBERT LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD. JOHN BAYNHAM GENT." The Act of Parliament of 1670 was "An Act for ascertaining the Measures of Corne and Salt" and its aim was to standardise the Winchester Bushel for the whole country, instead of the size of a bushel being different in different localities. It prescribed that a brass measure should be provided and chained in the public market place "to determine all Controversies." The Bromyard bushel measures nearly 20 ins. in diameter, and weighs about 100 lb.*

A. A. CHIEF TWICE DECORATED IN A WEEK: Sir Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the Automobile Association, who on April 20 received from the Belgian Ambassador in London the Order of the Crown of Belgium in recognition of his work in promoting and assisting international touring, was again honoured on April 26 when Herr Von Ribbentrop, German Ambassador in London, conferred on him the Insignia of the Honour of the First Class of the Order of the German Red Cross in recognition of his work to increase safety on the roads. Sir Stenson, who has held his present position since the inception of the A.A. in 1905, has been honoured by many countries in Europe, including France (Legion of Honour), Austria (Great Silver Badge) and Hungary (Order of Merit with Star). The German Red Cross is, interestingly enough, one of the only two Orders which survived the Revolution of 1918. It depends from a red-and-white ribbon and consists of a black eagle and an oval plaque with a red cross

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Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
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Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
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Weybridge.—The Red House.
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Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel

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Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, W.8. West 0051.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledor

SCOTLAND

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Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Marine Hotel.
Argyllshire.—Loch Awe Hotel.
Connel Ferry.—Falls of Lora Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

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Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC.)
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

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Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
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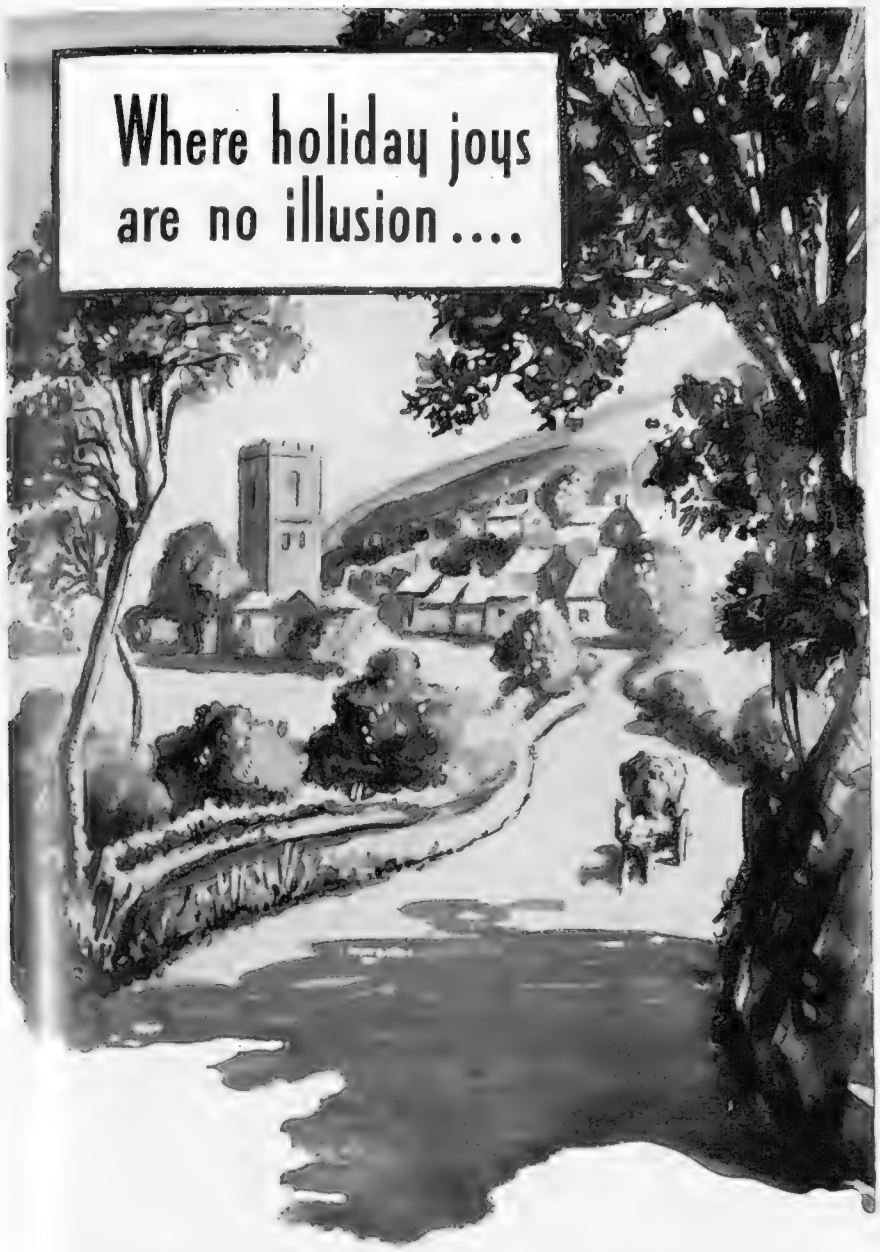

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PARIS AND ITS SEINE-SIDE EXHIBITION

A Mighty Display of the Products of Art and Industry Set in the very heart of the French Capital

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR: The switchback railway, at present half completed, which will be one of the highlights of the Paris Exhibition's Amusement Park

THE legacy of an exhibition now nearly half a century past dominates that of 1937. It is somewhat remarkable, when one comes to think of it, that the architecture of 1889 should harmonise with that of the super-modern pavilions built during the last few months. But, unlike the Crystal Palace, which so long survived its banishment to Norwood Hill only to end in a display of pyrotechnics infinitely more magnificent than any it had achieved in a long tradition of fireworks (so that nothing became it so well as its end), the Eiffel Tower has remained the focal point of many succeeding exhibitions.

Paris is like that. She does not deal in compromise; and when she stages an exhibition she takes it, literally, to her heart. No journeys of any consequence by train or bus are needed to reach the Exhibition, for Paris has "laid herself out" as its setting.

The Eiffel Tower is not the only veteran of other historic displays taking a prominent part this year. The Trocadero, originally built for the Exhibition of 1878, has at last been rebuilt as Haussmann, the architect to whom Paris owes so much of her beauty, originally designed it in the brilliant days of the Second Empire. Of the Colonial Exhibition of 1931 the Colonial Palace still stands as a reminder; and the two Galleries of Modern Art erected on the site of army warehouses on the Quai de Tokyo will be the permanent monument of that of this year.

To say that the Exhibition grounds cover an area of 200 acres in the heart of Paris gives a poor idea of the setting. It covers both banks of the Seine for a distance of two miles from the Place de la Concorde to the Pont de Grenelle. In the opposite direction it extends from the Trocadero across the river to the Ecole Militaire; and, in addition, there are two annexes, one on ground lying between the Porte Maillot and the Porte Dauphine, the other on the Boulevard Kellermann near the Place d' Italie.

The scope of the Exhibition is enormous. Its aim is to cover every phase of human endeavour from the handicrafts of the artisans of Timbuctoo to the most up-to-date inventions in electrical engineering and wireless, and to the apotheosis of civilisation, the preservation of objects of beauty and historical interest. Perhaps in this last facet of the Exhibition England can, more than in anything else, learn a lesson in an art in which she is so pathetically behind the times.

To attain the object of the Exhibition, the various arts and trades have been divided into groups. There are gathered, for instance, under the arches of the Eiffel Tower the various methods of reproduction and dissemination of art and knowledge, the Cinema, Photography, the Press, and the Gramophone. Again there are the Hall of Electricity on the Champs de Mars, the French Colonial group occupying the Ile des Cygnes, and the foreign section which with typical Gallic courtesy has been allotted the place of honour between the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero. Between each "palace" or "hall" are gardens.

Over this diverse whole will rule one master—light. It is this one word which sums up the symbolism, typical of French genius, of the Exhibition. For Paris is to be a city of colour and light this summer. Which brings us back to our old friend the Eiffel Tower. From one huge switch-board the operator will dispense his symphonies of colour with the great tower as the main instrument of his orchestra; and such a display of the art of flood-lighting promises amazement to visitors from countries where it is less highly developed. Paris is always fascinating. With the added lustre of a thousand changing rainbow tints colouring her buildings and skies she may well, this summer, aspire to the beauties of fairyland.

It is interesting to conjecture what Turner, greatest master of natural atmospheric phenomena, would have thought of the synthetic lighting effects achieved in this age. Surely he would startle the connoisseurs of to-day with as brilliant pictures as fluttered the artistic dovecotes of a century ago.

Revealed then literally in the atmosphere of modern knowledge we come to the "lay-out" of the display of the arts and industries of every description and from every part of the world. There is a wide area to cover; but silent electric cars, moving staircases, rolling bridges, and motor launches, should assist the most easily tired pedestrian. The French Section is divided into groups. The new Trocadero, in addition to its permanent display, will house an exhibition of books and publishing. The Trades Centre, including displays of building, interior decoration, and touring, is situated on the Quai d'Orsay, and the Provincial Centre, with its attractive pavilions typical of the architecture of the various provinces, covers the 10 acres freed by the demolition of the Champs de Mars station. Then for craftsmanship and agriculture you must go to the Porte Maillot, to see the French Colonial Centre to the Ile des Cygnes.

Along the banks of the Seine rise the halls of the industrial group, aluminium, oil, rubber, and wireless, for instance. And no doubt one of the most crowded points will be the Esplanade des Invalides which, somewhat equivocally, has been set aside for popular amusements.

It must not be thought that the grounds of the Exhibition, wide as they are, set bounds to the scope aimed at by its organisers. Every effort has been made to make the Exhibition national as well as international. For instance, the innumerable reductions and facilities for travel and enjoyment are not confined to Paris itself. There is being made a reduction of 50 per cent. on the fares of all the railways; and corresponding inducements are being offered by air lines, shipping companies, hotels, and places of amusement. Special festivities in connection with the Exhibition are being organised by the various provinces. This summer should be a bumper one in point of the numbers of visitors to all parts of France.

Then, too, this is to be a summer of pageants and festivals in Paris. There are truly magnificent programmes of opera, orchestral concerts, and the theatre.

A MONUMENTAL GATEWAY TAKES SHAPE: The framework of the two vast wooden towers at the Exhibition entrance in the Place de l'Alma. In the distance is the Eiffel Tower, last relic of the famous exhibitions of 1889 and 1900

Hugonaut

TO THE ALLIED GENERALISSIMO: This monument in memory of Marshal Foch is the work of the eminent sculptor Landowski and has recently been unveiled at the Invalides. Above the pedestal poilus are shown carrying a bier with an effigy of the great soldier

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In Quest of

A Critical Appraisal of Some What They

WHETHER you motor on business or pleasure bent, whether you really enjoy motoring or just use the car as a means of conveyance, all who drive or are driven welcome those hotels, however small they may be, which cultivate the personal touch in catering for the needs of the motoring public.

From time to time I propose in this weekly article to feature a number of our smaller country roadside hotels which I know from personal experience are in a class by themselves. Many of them, because they are so small according to A.A. qualifications, rank as one star, two star, or no stars at all.

But do not let that deter you. I am prepared to stake my reputation as an hotel adviser by saying that all of them, subject to their being under the same proprietors or management as when I last visited them, are worth noting for a stay of short or long duration, or just for a meal. Further, it may be of satisfaction to any of my critical readers to know that I write from an absolutely unbiased angle, that none of the hotels knows I am mentioning them; in fact the only person I have consulted in writing this article—is myself!

Bowes Moor Hotel, Yorkshire. You will find it turning left at Scotch Corner en route to Penrith and Carlisle, four miles west of Bowes and eight miles from Brough; 1,300 ft. above sea-level surrounded by open moorland. Mr. William Dawson, who built it and runs it, deserves the thanks of the motoring public as a whole for "pitching his tent" in such a beautiful, yet wild spot. Many a storm-bound or just weary motorist has reason to be thankful to Mr. Dawson for he has gone far beyond providing just four walls and a roof for shelter. He provides all modern comforts. Not only hot and cold water in all the fifteen bedrooms, but the blessing of central heating, so that on the coldest days the bedrooms are all as "warm as toast."

There are modern bedrooms, cosy lounges, and in the dining-room you can be regaled with a meal which would surprise you had I not revealed the secret here. Mr. Dawson is a fully fledged hotelier. He has been through all the departments of one of the famous London hotels. He is qualified to manage a five-star hotel but he prefers the natural life of the moors and the trade of the road to all the artificiality and so called luxury of the de luxe hotel. Mr. Dawson is king of all he surveys at Bowes Moor. May he reign there for ever! And now we go from mountain top to river bed.

The Bull, Streatley, Berks; 5¾ miles from Reading on the Pangbourne road you will find the Bull, but I have thought since that if Captain Frank Barton and his wife were to transplant this "friendly bull" to the middle of the Sahara, people would still discover and enjoy the hospitality of this little starless inn—for the A.A. book makes no mention of it! Suffice it to say that

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Smaller Country Hotels and Have to Offer

if you want really good English cooking and none of the "à la Continental" fare, the cooking is the best in Berkshire, and to support me in this statement I have as seconder one of the most famous of our English writers on cookery, who frequently stays there. However much you may be afraid of the unknown bull, the warning "Beware of the Bull" does not apply here.

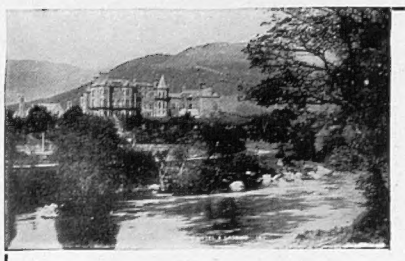
And now to another inn also not mentioned in the *A.A. Handbook*, and also close by the Thames on the other bank, the **Stag and Huntsman**, Hambleden, Bucks., a few miles from Marlow. Turn right for 1 mile off the Marlow-Henley road and you will find it on the right in England's unspoilt village. There are no spacious lounges at the Stag and Huntsman, but there is a homely bar parlour. The dining-room is petite but the good old English fare is the best you could ever wish for. Mr. and Mrs. Gloyne who have lived in the East, hunted high and low before they found the Stag and Huntsman. You can search a long way before you find anything as peaceful, so truly rural, such spotlessly clean and reposeful bedrooms, complete to hot and cold water laid on in each. There is only one disturbing note at the Stag and Huntsman—the nightingales.

And, finally, one wee hotel off the Great North Road which I visited southward bound the other day—the **Old England Hotel**, Sutton-on-Trent. It lies eight miles north of Newark and twelve miles south of Retford, and if northward or southward bound you will see the signboards directing you to divert exactly one mile off the Great North Road itself. What a blessing that mile is. At night time, except for the hoot of an occasional owl, you are without sound or sight of the heavy traffic of Great Britain's A1 road.

Mr. W. J. Pike, his mother, and sister, who run this bright little two-star hotel, are enthusiasts for perfection in homelike hospitality. There you will be regaled with meals such as only a Yorkshire woman can make. You will occupy a bright little bedroom where house-proud hands have been at work, and if may be you are looking for a village in which you can capture the spirit of the Coronation from a rural standpoint, here is your headquarters.

Almost to the last inhabitant the village folk will turn out in costume and assemble at the Old England Hotel. Throughout the day scenes will be featured portraying Village England. If as it may be, you would prefer to reserve a bedroom at the Old England Hotel than have a reserved seat on the Coronation processional route in London, you had better write without delay, for there are only ten bedrooms available.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*



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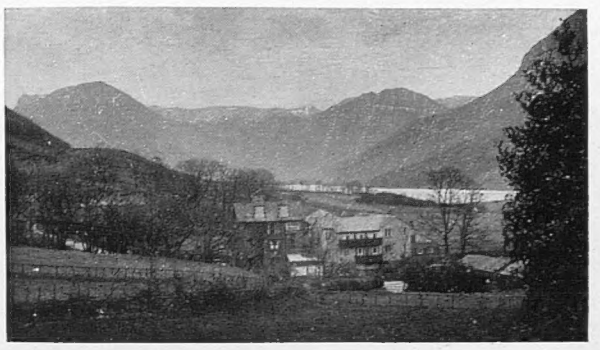

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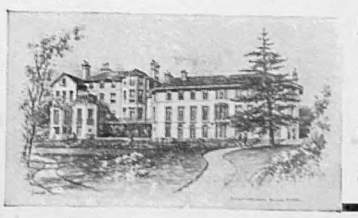

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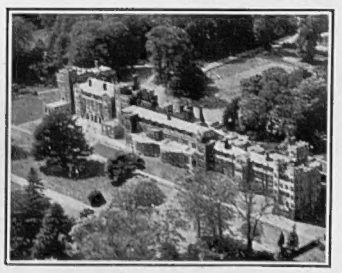

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AMBUSHED WITH AN ITALIAN COLUMN

A Correspondent who was Himself Under Fire Recounts in Detail the Attack on General Mariotti's Flanking Force in Ende Gorge during the Recent Ethiopian Campaign

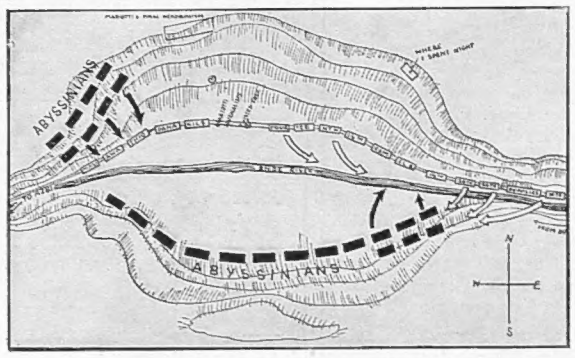
HOW THE MARIOTTI COLUMN ADVANCED TOWARDS MAKALE: A map showing the route through the Danakil salt plains leading to Ende Gorge, the scene of the desperate ambush

IN the extracts given in last week's issue from Marshal de Bono's book on the Italo-Abyssinian campaign, brief reference was made to General Mariotti's column. General Mariotti was, in fact, the central figure in one of the most remarkable episodes in the war—a flanking movement through the Danakil desert to guard the advance upon Makale. It is the only action, as far as we know, which has been recorded in detail by an independent eye-witness. This happened to be Herbert Matthews, the correspondent of the *New York Times*, whose book was also noticed in our issue of last week. He and one Italian correspondent were the only journalists accompanying the column which consisted entirely of native Askari and Danakil levies. Another force of some thousands of friendly Danakils was to be picked up en route but it never materialised. The officers were all Italians of considerable colonial experience. The sketch-map shows the route through the fiercely hot Danakil salt plains towards the slopes of the plateau on which lay Makale.

General Mariotti apparently knew that Dedjasmatch Kassa Sebat was waiting for him on the edge of the plateau with a large force of the Emperor's professional soldiers somewhere near Azbi, but was attacked, one presumes, sooner than he expected, for on entering Ende Gorge he suddenly met the enemy. The high wooded slopes doubtless made effective flanking parties very difficult to operate. The column was winding up a narrow path beside a river bed, and there was some straggling between the two.

"Guaschetti was the first," writes Matthews in his *Eye-witness in Abyssinia* (Martin Secker) "to notice that something was wrong. The path was almost as bad as the river bed, but not quite. He shouted ahead, and after ten minutes of rising tension, the Askaris located the van on the path above us, and we struck sharply upward to join them . . ."

"The Captain saluted and turned away. It was 9.45, on Tuesday morning, November 12, 1935.



THE AMBUSH IN ENDE GORGE: A battle diagram showing where Mariotti's column was attacked in a wooded defile and narrowly escaped extermination. From *Eye-witness in Abyssinia* (Martin Secker)

He had hardly taken three steps when a tremendous crash of musketry filled the air and I watched him in a momentarily amazed incomprehension as he staggered and fell, holding his right knee and groin while his face became distorted with pain. My body stiffened as every muscle in it contracted in an involuntary start of fear. Just near to me my orderly, who had been standing at the head of my mule, swayed and threw his arm around the animal's neck to prevent himself from falling. A bullet had smashed his left ankle."

"Only a second or two had passed. 'Everybody off the mules, and down here,' Guaschetti shouted, pointing to a depression 10 yards below us which almost formed a trench and offered apparently safe shelter from the firing. We threw ourselves down with more alacrity than grace as the orderlies hastily led our mules away, my boy hobbling painfully as he clung to the saddle. One mule lay dead in the path, near the twisted trunk of a little tree."

The first attack was met and fell away but not before the officers and men of the four gun battery had been shot down. One gun was worked by an heroic sergeant who fired 120 rounds himself. Seven only out of thirty camels remained standing when Matthews subsequently reached them. All day the column remained at the Gorge.

A remarkable incident of the fight was the action of an Ethiopian trumpeter who all day long blew a single, insistent, defiant note on his horn, so tantalising, so insolent, so utterly insulting that it invariably drew an astonishing crash of rifle, machine-gun, and even artillery fire from the frantic Askaris.

The trumpeter who was in a cavern, and sheltered from the bullets, at first blew a faint, feeble, insignificant sound whose meaning nobody understood. "It never occurred to us at the beginning that it was a melodious way of thumbing his nose in our direction. We might even then have laughed at it, but as the day wore on that sound took on a terrible nerve-wracking meaning, which caused the blood to boil and teeth to be clenched in impotent rage. And when night fell it was one of the last sounds to be heard: someone called it 'the last trumpet.'"

When morning came General Mariotti, whose cool brilliance throughout much impressed Matthews, announced that the column must reach the high ground at any cost, and the forward movement began. To the astonishment of everyone it was unchallenged. It would appear that something went wrong with the Abyssinian plan of attack, for had it been properly timed and pressed, the whole column must have been annihilated, says Matthews, who tells the whole account in full detail. It cannot go unread by any student of modern warfare.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—continued.

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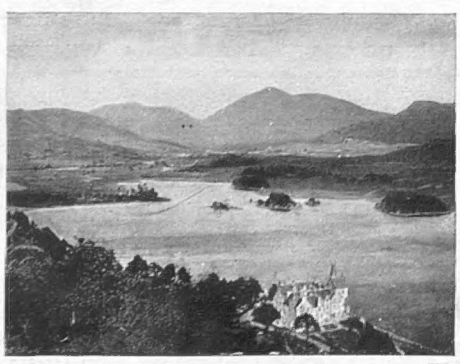

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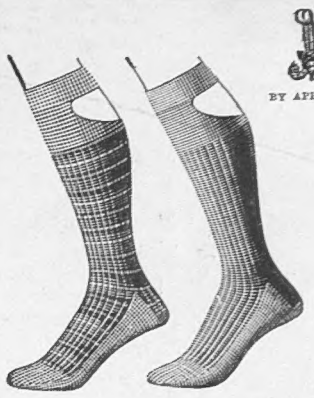

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